TRUE WEST

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October, 1975

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OREGON'S PIONEER MASTER DETECTIVE

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TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST
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What would you do if you were Wyatt Earp, and Billy Breakenridge came calling?

AN OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION

—written and illustrated by Remington

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—as seen through the Southwestern eyes of the late J. Frank Dobie

BONE MIZELL

—Remington's Cracker cowpoke

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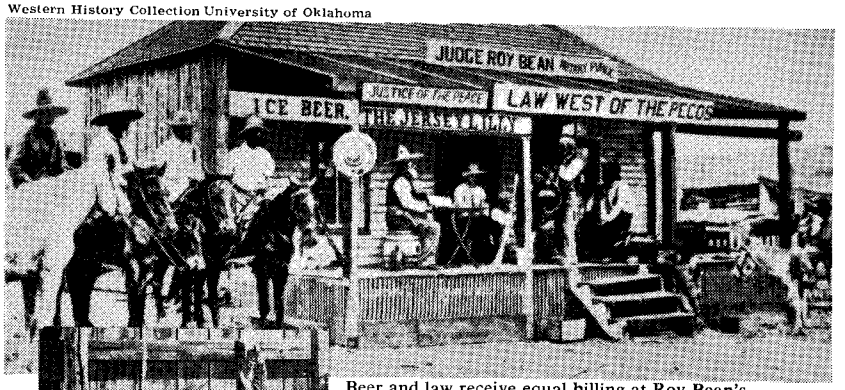

Beer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas.

In the wake of a card-game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler*.

Montana Historical Society

Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.

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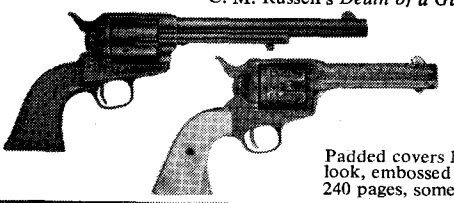
A grim squad of Union Pacific riflemen rides in a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.



"God did not make all men equal," Westerners were fond of saying, "Colonel Colt did."

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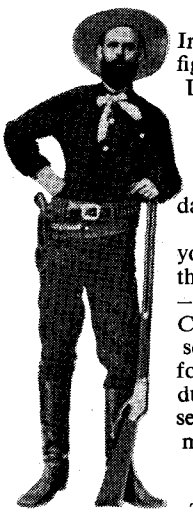

In the bad old days of "the great equalizer," a gunfighter would just as soon shoot a man as look at him. It was a time when a boy of 15 like Billy the Kid could casually whip out his six-shooter and kill a man for an idle insult. It was a time of impatient vigilantes, raw frontier justice and outlaws who burned down courthouses out of plain cussedness. It was the era, the heyday, the prime time of the gunfighter.

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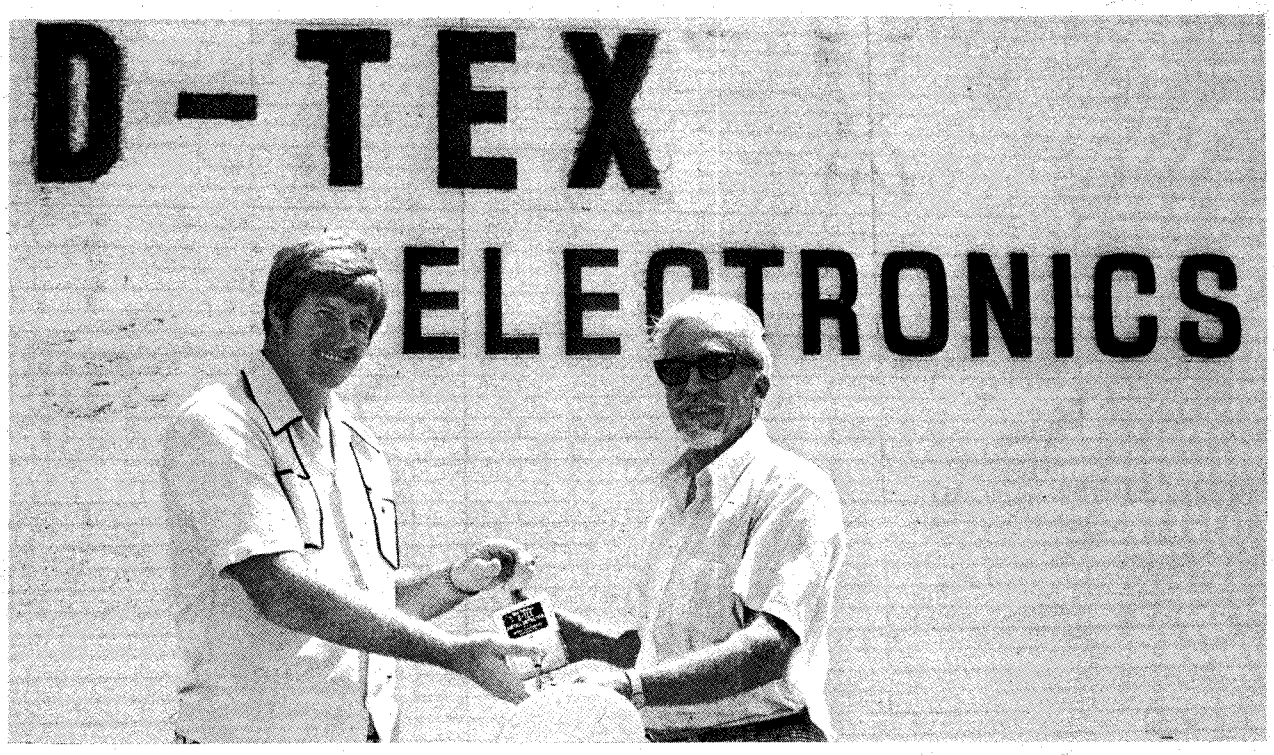
DALLAS COWBOY *BOB LILLY* BECOMES TH'er



BOB LILLY, DALLAS COWBOY, RECEIVING HIS VERY FIRST DETECTOR FROM BILL MAHAN, SR.
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BILL: Bob, tell me just how and when you became interested in treasure and relic hunting.

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BILL: Why are you just starting now?

BOB: In high school I started playing football, and with the old school spirit I gave it my all. I stuck strictly with the training schedules and along with my regular studies it just took all of my time. Then in college it was the same story. Actually I am just now having a little time to pursue what I have wanted to do for years. Pursuing the fading trails of history through finding relics and artifacts with my new D-Tex Metal Detector.

BILL: In this part–time hobby, and for some, a full time business of treasure or relic hunting, there are actually 3 facets: First, the real treasure hunter who searches for and quite often finds the many buried and hidden caches of gold and silver coins and bars. Second is the so-called coin shooter who hunts parks, playgrounds, beaches, schoolgrounds, picnic areas, and many many other areas for the thousands of coins and valuable jewelry that have been lost. One thing to always remember is – that everywhere people have been, you can find old coins and valuable jewelry. Then there are the many amateur archeologists who are interested in the fast fading trails of history, our only true heritage that can be traced through the relics and artifacts they find. In which facet do you have the most interest?

BOB: It is the history, the actual facts found in the many artifacts and relics of the bygone years of struggle and effort of our ancestors that has the most appeal to me. Naturally if I happen upon what I think is a true treasure story I will pursue it. But to me the relics of yesteryear are invaluable and are the things that money alone cannot buy.

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September-October, 1975
Volume 23, No. 1
Whole No. 131

True West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."——The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Courtesy Brass Door Galleries of Houston

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Hellfire and Brimstone

YOU CAN'T find Midway, in Burleson County, Texas on any map. You can't find it anywhere as for that. All that is left of this community center of education and religion is a little piece of bare ground—and a whole lot of memories.

There are enough memories to fill a couple of books. All I can do here is grub out a few that impressed me most.

The people of Midway never were prosperous enough to build a church. There was a schoolhouse, though. It was actually one big room with a partition to separate the grades when we grew from a one-teacher outfit to two. Finally, we had a population explosion and another room had to be added plus another whole teacher.

This is the room I nearly got killed under . . .

I'll get into that later. First, I had better stall around a little and try to build up a setting for a story of such magnitude.

Most people of this community were the hard-working, God-fearing type. A goodly portion, however, didn't fear anything and only showed up at preachings as a sort of social event. Come summer, that partition was taken out of the big room. We all got into our Sunday clothes and were divided into two classes for Sunday School—young and old. The youngest to *participate* were barely out of diapers and the oldest were well along in their eighties. Once in a while we'd have a sermon whenever a minister of the good word could afford to show up.

One of our preachers, a Brother Carr of Gause, lived to be 105 years old. He could hate the devil louder, eat more fried chicken and tell more interesting stories than any other preacher we ever had. Brother Carr also chewed Brown's Mule tobacco. I was just a snotty-nosed kid in those days and he was my hero without any reservations. After Brother Carr had been chewing tobacco one time and I hadn't seen him spit in a full hour, I asked just the way a kid would, "Brother Carr, why don't you ever spit?" It rattled the good man for a moment. He pulled himself together quickly however and replied, "Son, to waste is to sin. When you have been chewing tobacco as long as I have, you don't waste any." I could see the truth in that all right when he threw out a cud as big as a boll of cotton and just as dry. It hit the ground and broke apart. There wasn't anything but fiber left in a chaw of tobacco when Brother Carr got through with it.

He would tell me stories about the Civil War and how one time he and a friend went through a strip of woods that was infested with Jayhawkers. These were men who had deserted the Army. They robbed and killed ruthlessly.

I never did get the fine points of just why Brother Carr and his friend had to go through this forest on their way home for a couple of weeks furlough. Anyhow, it was nearly dark when they saw a man riding a white horse cross the road a hundred yards ahead. They stopped and considered going back. Then Brother Carr came up with an idea. He took command of their "army" and shouted loud commands in a bellowing voice right through that piece of forbidden ground. It must have put stark fear into the hearts of those lowdown Jayhawkers. This ability to pound righteous fear into the hearts of mankind was one of Brother

(Continued on page 51)

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The breathtaking beauty of our great West in these lovely Christmas cards for 1975. Thoughtfully matched greetings are guaranteed to please. Colorful, high quality cards fold to about 5" x 7".

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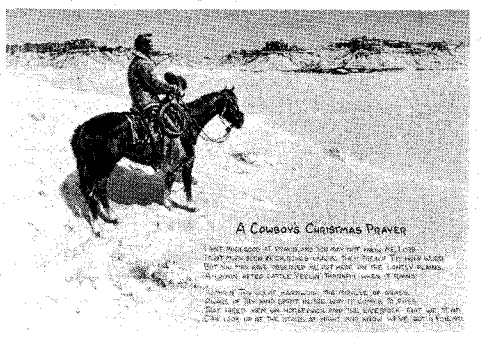
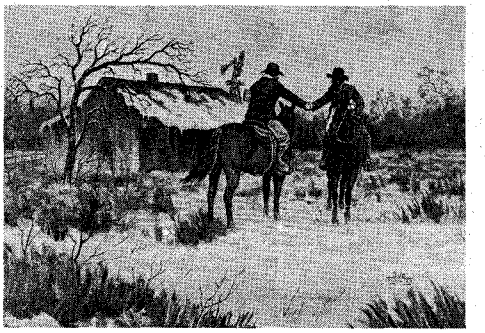
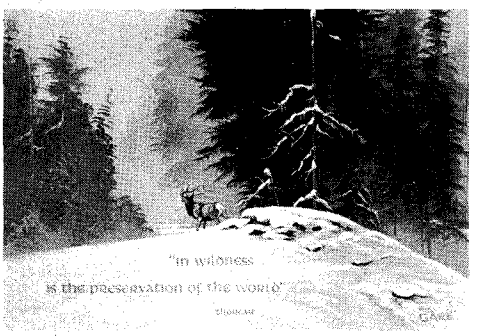


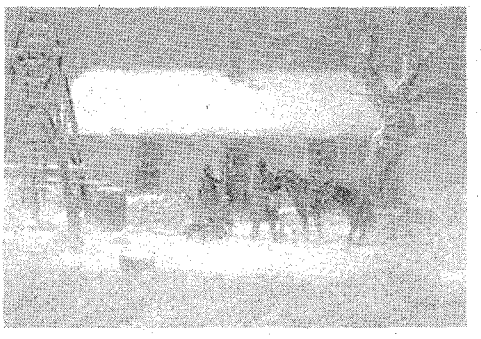
1092 A COWBOY'S PRAYER "I ain't much good at prayin' ...but I'll ask as good as we have got for all men, etc." Poem by S. Omar Barker. "Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through all the New Year" by Ted Long



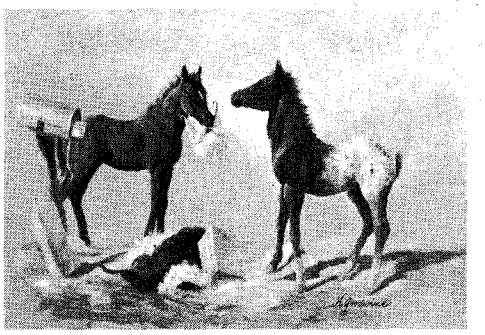
1137 "Britches patched. Vittles skeerce. Wolf at the door a-growlin' fierce..." "Ol' cow gone dry. Both horses lame, But Merry Christmas just the same!" verse by S. Omar Barker, painting by Bob Taylor



3005 "In wildness is the preservation of the world" quotation from Thoreau "With every good wish for Christmas and the New Year" painting by Gare Barks

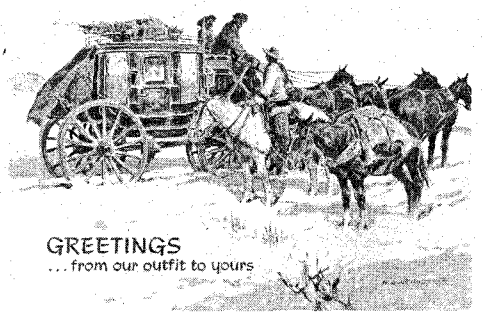


1093 A CHRISTMAS KINDNESS "Never too cold for kindness, Never too deep the snow, To wish you the Merriest Christmas Our good Lord can bestow!" painting by Carl J. Smith



1606 HEIGH-HO! "It's Christmas again! May yours be a joyful one and your New Year happy!" by Hildred Goodwine

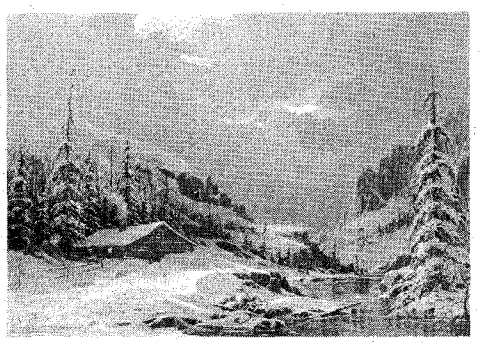
1134 "When hard times hit out on the range..." "to let you know that we're still eating, We send this warm and hearty greeting... MERRY CHRISTMAS, PARDNER!" verse by S. Omar Barker, painting by Jack Roberts



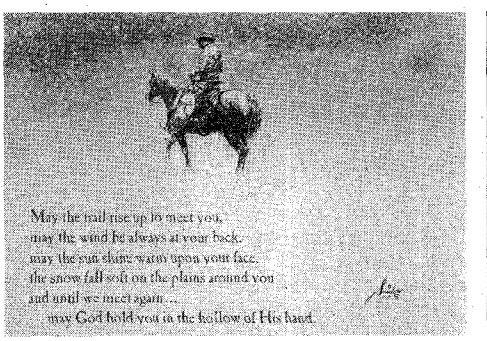
1094 "GREETINGS... from our outfit to yours" "With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year" painting by Nick Eggenhofer

1146 "WHOA... hold everything!" "Here's wishing you a rootin' tootin' Christmas and lots of happy times in the New Year to come." painting by Lloyd Mitchell

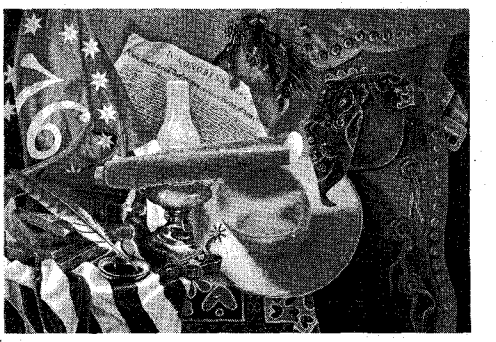
1158 "May the Great Spirit watch over you as long as the grass grows and the water flows" "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" painting by Vel Miller



1151 "...'tis very sweet to look into the fair, and open face of heaven..." from John Keats "May every happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year" painting by Wayne Lowdermilk



1304 "May the trail rise up to meet you, may the wind be always at your back... may God hold you in the hollow of His hand." "Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year" painting by Gordon Snidow



1220 PROUD HERITAGE Bicentennial painting described inside card. "At Christmas comes this wish... May 1976, the 200th year of our beloved nation, overflow with health, happiness and prosperity, etc." painting by Jimmy Walker

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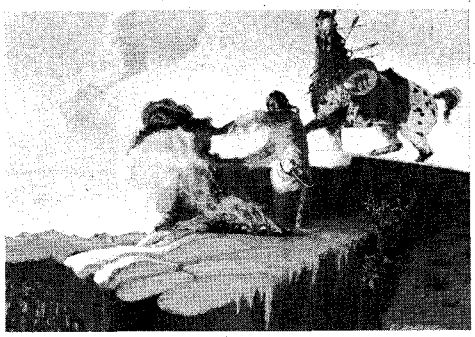
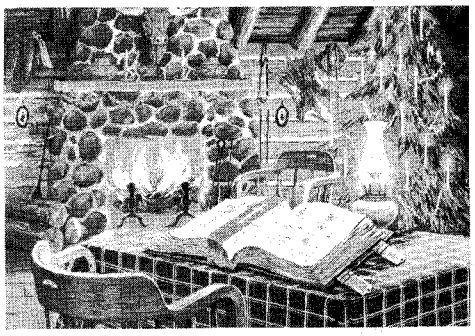
1230 SURPRISE ON THE TRAIL "to wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year chuck full of Happiness" painting by Bernard P. Thomas



1819 "Signaling Merry Christmas..." "and Heaps of Happiness to you in the Twelve Moons ahead" painting by Pawnee Indian Artist Brummett EchoHawk

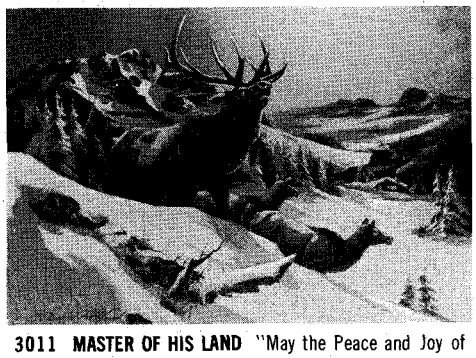
1140 THE WONDER OF CHRISTMAS FILLS THE NIGHT "May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside, Peace to your Pathway and Good Health throughout the New Year" painting by Bill Shaddix



1205 A MEMORY OF CHRISTMAS "Come join a dream of going back to those old-fashioned days, With the Good Book on the table...Just a memory of Christmas, etc." verse by S. Omar Barker, painting by Joe Stahley

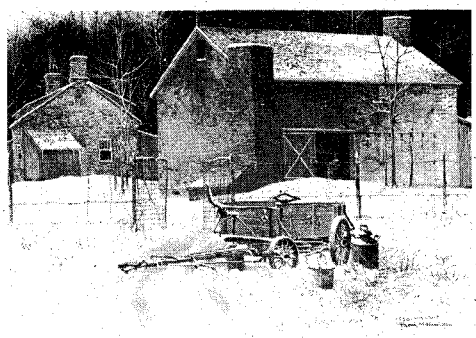
1812 "The grass is short, the range is dry, Good prospects ain't a half inch high..." "The cows ain't fat, this verse ain't clever, But Merry Christmas same as ever!" verse by S. Omar Barker, painting by Charles M. Russell

1901 "Just thinkin' of you at Christmas..." "With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season" by Stanley M. Long



3011 MASTER OF HIS LAND "May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year" painting by Doug Van Howd

1139 "Christmas a-comin'. Purt near broke..." "But while we're a-puttin' the beans to soak, We send this card instead of a letter And hope you're doin' as good---or better!" verse by S. Omar Barker, painting by Buck Teeter



1527 GRANDPA'S BARN "...My heart says: Build it straight, Build it well, etc." from a poem by Robert K. Perrin "Wishing you all the Joys of an old-fashioned Christmas and a Year of Happy Days" by Frank M. Hamilton

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Truly Western

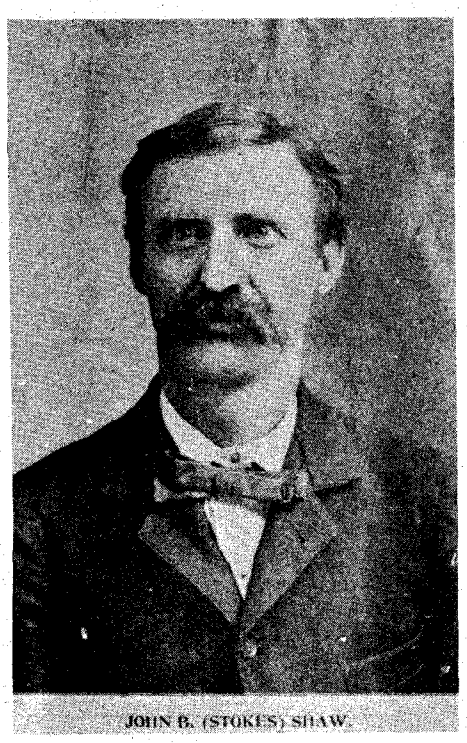
The Story Behind the Poster

In the February issue was a story about old Wanted Posters. One of the posters, "Wanted dead or alive" by the state and Sheriff Stewart of Johnson County, Texas, intrigued me no end.

John Stokes Shaw, sentenced to be hanged on my birthday, August 8, at the Cleburne jail, escaped on my brother's birthday, August 12. (Brother Bud was two years and four days my junior.) We lived at Buel, six miles from Cleburne on the Alvarado road. Shaw was the third man by the name of "John" to be hanged in Cleburne by Sheriff Stewart. The first was John Wilkerson, the second John Renfro, and this third one John Shaw. All in three years. Before the end of the fourth year another man, Henry Fuget, was hanged for the murder of his wife.

The first two were hanged in public. My father saw the first one, and that was enough for him. I cried because he would not allow me to go with him to town that day. I was only nine, but felt plenty old to see a hangin'.

When Shaw escaped, we boys wanted to join the men out hunting him. Because we were too young, we organized a posse of our own. We captured Shaw, in the likeness of a red corncob, and hanged him upon our own version of a scaffold. Our idea of a scaffold was somewhat vague. We had been told that the sheriff cut the rope that allowed the criminal to hie off to the hereafter, and that was hard to figure out. How in the heck did the fellow hang if the sheriff cut the rope? We had to ask Pa and he explained that the rope that the sheriff cut was a short rope that held up the trap door in the floor of the scaffold, that it ran across a block of hard wood and that the sheriff cut it with a sharp hatchet. Well, my mother's ball of twine quickly grew smaller and smaller, as more cobs were hung by "cutting the rope" with the butcher knife from the kitchen.



JOHN B. (STOKES) SHAW.

The article I read in your magazine did not tell how Shaw was eventually captured. It was this way, but first the escape: He was sleeping in his cell, with manacles on his feet, fastened by a padlock. A guard was posted just outside the cell door, sleeping on a cot. Shaw said he rolled up a newspaper into a long cylinder, fastened a bent pin in the end of it, stuck that contraption through the bars, hooked the pin in the guard's pants and pulled them up to the bars. Shaw took the keys from the pocket and unlocked the chain from his legs, opened the door of the cell, stole down the corridor and let himself out the back door of the jail and vanished into the night.

The jail was located on a bluff overlooking a dry creek bed, in the bed of which tall weeds and sunflowers were growing. Shaw said he concealed himself in these weeds all the first day, and at night took up his flight, back toward the Brazos River country where he originally came from. Of course an APB was got out, though that is not what they called it then. And men all over the territory for many miles were looking out for John Stokes Shaw, the murderer with the crooked nose. He was traveling nights and laying up daytimes in woods or brush. Then came the day when he was getting impatient and undertook crossing a stream by way of a railroad bridge. Just after accomplishing this feat, he was met by a deputy. The deputy halted him and asked his name, and the reply was an alias, but I have forgotten what name he gave. Anyway the deputy replied, "Your name may be 'Jones,' but you have John Stokes Shaw's nose."

The jig was up, and Mr. Shaw landed back in Cleburne where Sheriff Stewart performed the final act (which many people doubted, as the scaffold had a high board fence erected and the public was barred). Only the doctor and a few other witnesses were present when the sheriff cut the hemp.

There was much doubting of the veracity of the news released to the public—both as to Shaw's story of his escape, and the hanging later. People said there had been bribes throughout the escape, the trial, and the subsequent hanging. But nothing ever came of these rumors. At that time people had lots of suspicions and theories that were never acted upon. If one or more killers got away, the old man with the scythe would get him sooner or later anyway.

Previous to Sheriff Stewart's term of office the sheriff had been John Rogers. He had hanged nobody, although an old lady who lost her mind was confined in his jail while awaiting transportation to the asylum, and hanged herself with her stocking. After Mr. Stewart began hanging somebody every year, John Rogers was teased by a lot of his friends

Editha Watson

William R. Watson has notified us that his mother, Editha Watson, died recently at Rehoboth Christian Hospital, Gallup, New Mexico. She was in her eighties.

She was known to our readers through her articles, "Milestones in History" in the June, 1965 TRUE WEST; "Navajo Antelope Hunt" in the December, 1965 TRUE WEST; and "Monument to Hate" in the February, 1966 TRUE WEST. Her son tells us that his mother was writing for publication when she was ten years old. At the time of her death, her latest book, tentatively titled "The Sacred Places of the Navajo" was being edited. She wrote several other books and articles on various Indian subjects. In recognition, she was awarded an honorary degree, Doctor Of Navajo Humane Philosophy by the Navajo Community College on May 29, 1974.

In addition to her own prolific writing, she reviewed the works of others, lectured extensively and served for nine years as an information specialist with the Central Office of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Her life-long interest in Indian culture and tradition led to service in many organizations. She was one of the founders of the Gallup Archaeological and Historical Society and the Plateau Sciences Society, served as area consultant for the Save the Children Federation, treasurer of the Colorado Press Association, secretary of the Explorers League, president of the Central District Press Association, administrative assistant for the Cornell University Health Project, editor of claims material for the Navajo Tribe for the Land Claims Office, and research associate for the Research Section of the Navajo Tribe. Her tireless efforts on behalf of these groups and many others provide a fitting and lasting memorial.

We are all very sorry to have to tell Editha goodbye.

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by their saying, "What a sheriff we have now! John, you never hanged but one poor old woman, and you used her stocking to do that." Later Doss Rogers, John's brother, ran for sheriff and was elected. My father campaigned for him. We moved from that country soon after that, and I never knew if Doss hanged anybody or not. I hoped he had not, for I was in love with his daughter when I was ten years old. Dear Sue, I wonder where she is now?—Old Buck (Leon) Dial, 250 Smith Avenue, Dinuba, California 93618

Planes and Prospecting

I am eighty-four years old. I had studied mining engineering and was working in the Hercules Mine in Burke, Idaho when World War I started. I enlisted in the Signal Corps, Aviation Section. I finally made an officer and had about 500 flying hours in the corps. I resigned after the Armistice and shortly joined the fledgling U. S. Air Mail, under the Post Office Department, in October 1920. I flew out of Chicago at first but when the route was lengthened to the West Coast, I got transferred to the San Francisco-Reno-Salt Lake route during the seven years the U. S. Air Mail operated.

This route was over dozens of old mines in California and up on the desert. As we usually flew pretty low, you could do a lot of prospecting on both sides, and could map ways to get into them on the ground. We had about every third week off and I was soon back to my first love, mining. During that time and later I visited hundreds of old mines and ghost towns in California, Nevada and Idaho. Also during that time, the early and middle 1920s, I collected hundreds of old engineers' reports, state and federal "Mines and Mining West and the Rocky Mountains" reports, etc., back to 1868. They had been left when the mines shut down. I still have many of them that could be valuable, with gold at its present price.

All the time I flew, I owned or had interest in mines in California, Nevada and Idaho. Some made money, some lost, which is usual, but I had a lot of fun. Meantime I was making my living flying. When Boeing Air Transport contracted the Air Mail in 1926 I went with them, and when United Airlines absorbed them I went with United. I retired with over twenty thousand flying hours, which is quite a few.

I've since done some mining, and put in five years on the desert during the uranium boom, working for a syndicate. I know of three or four places that should still be looked into.—B. H. Winslow, 135 Maitland Drive, Alameda, California 93501

World's Largest Fenced Pasture

A big bouquet of thanks to you for sending Mr. Glover some copies of the December 1974 TRUE WEST, with his story "Man With the Diamond Willow Cane" on page 34.

I've received inquiries about the fence Mr. Glover helped build, and can add this information. From 1902 to 1907, the ⅃Γ Cattle Company, Ed Lemmon, manager, leased 965,429-1/2 acres of pastureland on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation, Grand River country in western South Dakota. He had his cowboys fence the entire acreage with a strong three-wire fence. At the time this was the largest fenced pasture in the world.

Of all the numerous biographies I've had the pleasure of writing, this one was the most rewarding personally.—Mrs. Rozella Bracewell, Yale, South Dakota 57788

Bronc Shows

Many years have passed since the old-time Bronc Show existed but a lot of people still remember them and get a thrill out of discussing certain bucking horses or the merits of different riders who traveled with the shows.

As a freckled-faced, overall-wearing kid, I can remember vividly one particular Bronc Show in the '20s. "Texas Bud" Snell's Bronc Show was in Killeen, Texas and was about to perform in a feed lot back of Norman Brothers' Store. The Show consisted mainly of a few bucking horses, some steers, and two riders—plus, of course, Texas Bud himself. Word had been passed around

(Continued on page 23)

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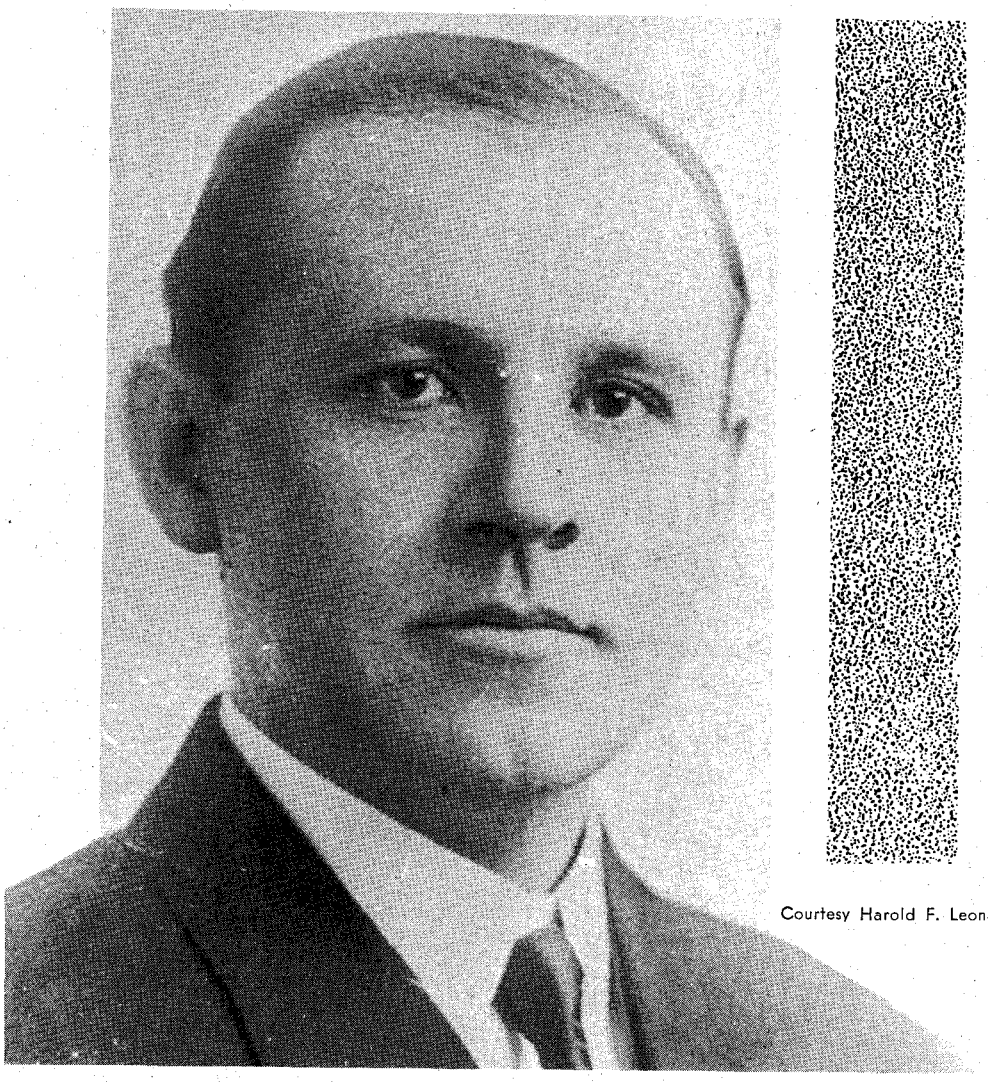
OREGON'S PIONEER MASTER

By LARRY WARREN
Photos Courtesy Author

Archie Leonard was intelligent,



Courtesy Harold F. Leonard

EARLY Western law enforcement was purely a hit-or-miss proposition. Most of it was handled by sheriffs in the various territories or states who, accompanied by posses, took to their horses and conducted a chase as best they could. U. S. marshals and their deputies were few and far between and concerned only with federal cases.

As villages and towns sprang up, it was necessary to elect or appoint local marshals to "protect" the communities. And as the towns burgeoned into cities even this wasn't adequate, so police departments came into being.

It doesn't take much imagination to visualize what type of police officers guarded the cities in the latter part of the 1800s and the early 1900s. The typical city policeman was *big, strong,* and untrained; he was simply competent to manhandle drunks, pickpockets, burglars, and other petty criminals he might encounter. When it came to major crimes like murder and armed robbery, after which the perpetrators vanished without being seen, the average officer was helpless to effect a solution. That is, unless a stool pigeon pointed the finger at the culprit.

Even when detective departments were created by the larger city police forces, the percentage of unsolved crimes re-

At left, Detective Archie Leonard as he appeared when called in to help solve the Ludke murder case. Below, the field over which the killer walked on the way to the murder scene. A scrap of material found on the barbed wire fence gave investigators their first solid clue in the case.

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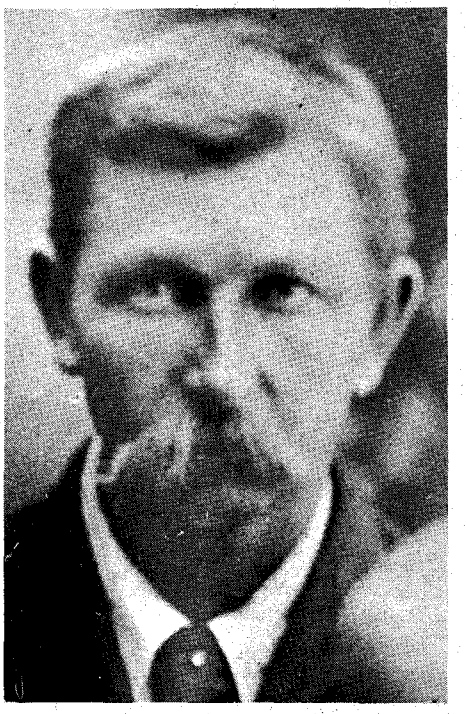
DETECTIVE

tireless, and had an Indian's ability to read sign

mained high since very few of the appointed "detectives" had any real training in crime investigation.

Multnomah County, Oregon, and its county seat, Portland, the state's metropolis, were more fortunate than most other early Western communities because of a young man who dedicated himself to excellence in law enforcement. He was Archibald Francis (Archie) Leonard, born in Arlington, South Dakota, on June 4, 1879, who came to the Pacific Northwest with his family when his father took a job as a miller in a small Washington town.

Milling didn't interest Archie, so he proceeded to Portland and enrolled in a



Above, Otto Ludke, killed by a shotgun blast through the front window of his neighbor's home.

At right, a neighbor stands where the killer stood when he fired through the front window of the Axel Alvin home, killing Otto Ludke outright, and wounding his wife.

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Sheriff Ira Cresap of Clarke County, Washington called Archie Leonard to help him with the Ludke murder case.

business college. It was there that he met the girl who later became his wife. After completing his business course, he decided to become a teacher. He attended the State Normal (Teachers) School at Drain. But somewhere along the way that profession, too, lost its appeal and the young man became secretary to Chief Charles Hunt of the Portland Police Department in 1904.

Archie soon realized that he wanted to be in the law enforcement field but not in the type of work he was doing. He saw the glaring need for a trained investigator—one who knew all facets of the law and the techniques of enforcing them. Although he could have easily been appointed a patrolman he realized that he lacked basic police training, not to mention the skills needed to solve crimes. So he enrolled in the University of Oregon Law School (then situated in Portland) and obtained his law degree.

WITH his knowledge of the law complete, Leonard looked around for a place to serve his "internship" in investigative procedures. At that time railroad companies offered the best training in that line. Their special agents (detectives) were carefully chosen and taught to detect and apprehend train robbers, freight-yard thieves, and other criminals who preyed on the railroads.

Leonard spent the next three and a half years with the Union Pacific Company and made an enviable record. Not only was his law training helpful, but he had an unusual ability for remembering faces, names, and other details relative to a crime. Those who worked with him, then and later, credit his sharp mind for enabling him to solve so many cases. No piece of evidence, no matter how seemingly unimportant, escaped him. And he simply refused to project a solution until all the available facts had been gathered. He was patient and resolute and would plod on, even when it seemed useless to continue.

His colleagues said his ability to analyze a situation was uncanny. He went about his work quietly, methodically and, to one familiar with detective work, rather colorlessly. He never tried to hog the spotlight as many of his co-workers did. It was his down-to-earth personality and scholarly appearance that helped him get vital information from witnesses and others who might have refused to talk to a more aggressive person.

Archie Leonard's outstanding work as a railroad detective brought him an offer to join the Multnomah County Sheriff's Office as a deputy in the criminal investigation department. Thus he became one of the first—if not the very first—public police officers in the entire country who had been graduated from business college, teachers' college, and law school.

In the ensuing six and a half years as a deputy he cleared up a number of apparently unsolvable murder cases, earning a reputation as one of the top detectives in the Pacific Northwest.

He also earned a personal invitation from Portland's mayor, H. R. Albee, through Chief of Police John Clark, to take the Civil Service examination for detective. Easily passing the test, he received his appointment, to become effective January 1, 1915—the only person ever to join the force as a full-fledged detective.

Leonard hadn't yet changed jobs when he received an urgent telephone call at his home on Saturday night, November 28. It was from Sheriff Ira Cresap of Clarke County, Washington, across the Columbia River from Portland. The two had worked together on cases involving the two states and were good friends as well as colleagues.

"Archie, you've got to come over right away," Cresap told him. "I've got a murder on my hands and can't get anywhere with it. When can you get here?"

"Wait a minute, Ira. I'm on vacation. I've just taken a job with the city and I've got a few days off coming. You can get somebody else, I'm sure."

"I don't want anyone else, Archie," insisted the sheriff. "This is an emergency. Somebody shot and killed a farmer and wounded his wife up at Horn's Corner, and for all we know it might've been some wild man. All the people up there are scared to death. They won't go out after dark and they sleep with their guns handy for fear he'll kill someone else. You've got to help me out. I'll expect you at my office in the morning. I'll give you the details then."

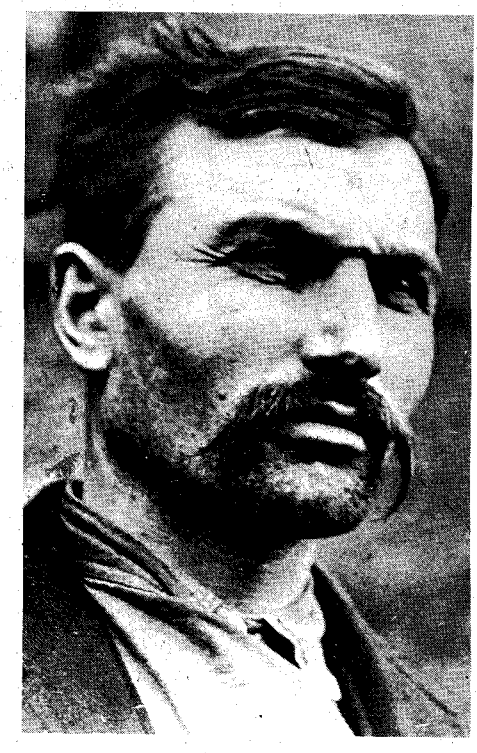
This was the kind of challenge Leonard couldn't turn down, so he promised he would do what he could, provided his new superior, Chief Clark, gave his consent.

This was quickly arranged, and at nine o'clock Sunday morning Leonard entered Cresap's office. The sheriff and Prosecuting Attorney L. M. Burnett immediately began briefing him on the case.

Detective Archie Leonard while homicide investigator for the Portland Police Department.

IT concerned Otto and Sophie Ludke, one of the hard-toiling couples in the farming district known as Horn's Corner, some fifteen miles northwest of Vancouver and a few miles from the town of Ridgefield. They were from Germany and had come to the United States

Edward Gall, the murder victim's neighbor and closest friend, told officials that he heard a gunshot on the night of the murder but had dismissed it as someone firing at a predator.



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separately with their families to take up farming.

In Horn's Corner, Otto and Sophie became acquainted, fell in love, and were married in 1896. They bought a farm near where their parents had located and by hard work and their native thrift, prospered in the ensuing eighteen years.

The life of the farmers in the community was lightened by an occasional social gathering at one of the various homes, and no one enjoyed these functions more than the Ludkes.

On Friday evening of November 20, 1914, they put on their Sunday best to attend a party at the John Rose farm. It was shortly after seven o'clock when they started out in their buggy. Because the Rose barn was unable to accommodate all the rigs expected at the affair, the Ludkes had been invited by another neighbor, Axel Alvin, to put up their horse in his barn and walk to the Rose place, less than 500 yards away, with the Alvins.

The two miles to their first destination were negotiated quickly and when the Ludke buggy turned into the barnyard, the neighbor came out the back door of the house carrying a lighted lantern. After greeting them, he suggested that Sophie go inside while he and Otto put the horse and buggy in the barn. When the farmers finished this task and entered the house, Sophie was sitting in the parlor while Mrs. Alvin was in the bedroom getting ready for the party.

Alvin excused himself, saying he had better hurry his wife. Otto seated himself in a chair with his back to the front window, took out his pipe and lighted up. He had taken only a puff or two when the sound of broken glass caused him to turn around abruptly. Then came a sharp blast and he toppled from his chair to the floor. Sophie, seated only a few feet away, swayed and grasped her shoulder.

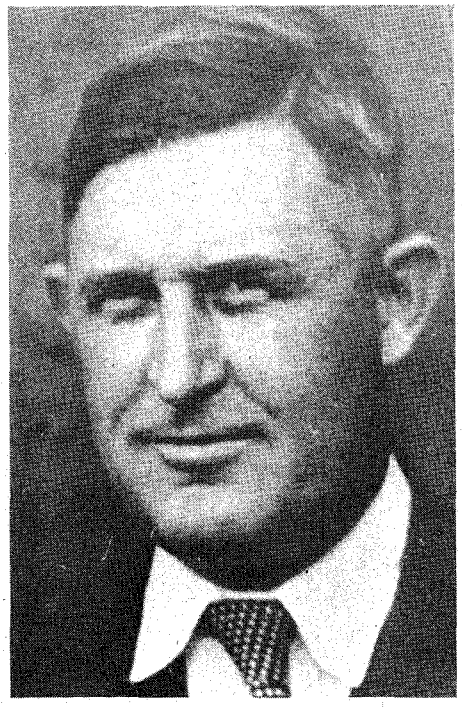
Drawn from the bedroom by the loud explosion, the Alvins were shocked to see Otto lying still, blood spurting from his neck, and Sophie, screaming hysterically, bleeding from the face and shoulder. Alvin, after quickly ascertaining that his friend was dead, asked what had happened. Sophie managed to gasp out that somebody had fired through the front window. Then she fainted.

While the farmer grabbed his rifle and rushed outside to look for the assailant, his wife telephoned Dr. R. S. Stryker at nearby Ridgefield.

Alvin returned shortly after finding no one about the premises and called the sheriff's office in Vancouver. Within an hour Sheriff Cresap and Prosecutor Burnett arrived in the former's car, which was followed immediately by the county hearse driven by Coroner Limber.

Alvin met them in the front yard and led them into the house. Sophie had been carried into the bedroom, where Dr. Stryker had revived her and was attending to wounds on her shoulder and forehead caused by pellets from a shotgun. The coroner quickly examined Otto, reporting he had been killed instantly by a charge which had severed his jugular vein.

"There's something odd about these pellets," Limber added after inspecting some of the metal particles taken from Otto's clothing. He handed them to the sheriff, who examined them closely. "You're right," Cresap agreed. "Part of them are birdshot, but there are some fishnet sinkers mixed in with them. Apparently the killer wasn't taking any chances that Ludke would live. He fixed up a home-made charge that would do the job in one blast. He must have hated the man a lot."



Prosecuting Attorney L. M. Burnett of Clarke County, Washington, assisted in the investigation.

"Nobody hated Otto," Alvin protested. "Of all the men around here, he was the most popular. He couldn't have had any enemies."

Alvin added that the victim had lived in the district for thirty years and always had been hard-working and sincere. He never had been involved in any quarrels. He had always gone out of his way to help those in the community who needed aid. As to his married life, he had been devoted to Sophie, and it was beyond Alvin's belief that whoever killed him had been motivated by jealousy or any other personal reason.

This led the investigators to theorize that Otto had been mistaken for someone else and had been the innocent victim of a murder plot. Sitting with his back to the window he might not have been positively identified by his assailant.

"Maybe you were meant to get that charge, Alvin," Sheriff Cresap told the farmer. "Who might be gunning for you?"

When Alvin insisted that no one would have had any reason to harm him, Prosecutor Burnett pointed out that it seemed improbable that the assailant really was after Ludke, since the killing could have been done more easily at the Ludke place. Although admitting the reasoning sounded logical, Alvin nevertheless contended he had no enemies.

WHEN the sheriff and prosecutor went into the bedroom, where Sophie was sobbing fitfully, Dr. Stryker announced that her injuries were painful but not critical and that she could be questioned.

But she was unable to explain the attack, declaring that Otto was on the best of terms with everyone. She had not seen the slayer, of course, as the light in the parlor made it impossible

(Continued on page 42)

The main street of Ridgefield, Washington several years after the brutal murder. At the local hardware store (arrow) investigators found a vital clue that helped solve the case.

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Written June 17, 1961

FREDERIC REMINGTON

*

— as seen through the Southwestern eyes of the late J. Frank Dobie

Frederic Remington in his New Rochelle, New York studio in 1905.

FREDERIC REMINGTON worked for only about twenty-five years. During the half-century that has raced by since he died just past his forty-eighth birthday—still in the Horse Age—his fame as depicton of the Old West has not perceptibly diminished. Yet no adequate life of him has been published. The one considerable piece of writing on his life and work worthy of respect by people entitled to an opinion is the chapter "Remington in Kansas" (pages 194-211, plus a wealth of notes, pages 355-363) in *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850-1900,* by the late Robert Taft, of the University of Kansas, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1953. The present essay owes far more to this noble work of vast knowledge, all ordered and evaluated, and of quiet power than to all other sources.

Frederic Remington, Artist of the Old West, by Harold McCracken, 1947, contains a useful bibliography of Remington's writings, books illustrated by him, appearances in periodicals, and his bronzes.

Remington's own writings—all illustrated—are the best sources for facts and understanding about him, but many of them in magazines antedating his death—including the autobiographical sketch in *Collier's Weekly* (New York, March 18, 1905)—are available in only a few libraries.

The most knowledgeable person alive on Remington is probably Miss Helen L. Card, proprietor of Latendorf Bookshop (containing more art than books), 714 Madison Avenue, New York. She does not publish enough, but her two pamphlets, privately printed at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, 1946, on *A Collector's Remington* (I. "Notes on Him; Illustrated by Him; and Books Which Gossip about Him." II. "The Story of His Bronzes, with a Complete Descriptive List") contain as much concentrated protein as wheat germ.

Frederic Sackrider Remington was born of parents strong of body and character in Canton, New York, October 1, 1861. His father owned and edited the local newspaper but left it to fight for the Union. Frederic, an only child, early learned to swim, fish, and play Indian in the woods. He hung around the Canton fire station in order to associate with the horses. He drew them and other forms of life on margins of schoolbooks and in albums. From high school he was sent to a military academy, against which he rebelled, at the same time filling a sketchbook with pictures of cavalrymen battling horseback Indians. At home on vacation, he improvised a studio in an uncle's barn. His models were horses—not only carriage horses but several Western ponies belonging to town people.

In the fall of 1878 he went to Yale University, playing football and studying in the Yale Art School. The one other member of his art class was Poultney Bigelow, who became editor of *Outing* magazine and, in 1886, discovered in some pictures offered him "the real thing, the unspoiled, native genius dealing with Mexican ponies, cowboys, cactus, lariats, and sombreros." The artist turned out to be Remington of Yale.

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In 1880, Remington's father died and Frederic inherited a few thousand dollars. He refused to return to Yale but seems not to have known what he wanted until he made a trip to Montana in August of 1881. In 1882, *Harper's Weekly* (February 25) published a picture entitled "Cowboys of Arizona: Roused by a Scout." According to the credit line it was "drawn by W. A. Rogers from a sketch by Frederic Remington."

YOUNG Frederic had been corresponding with a Yale friend named Robert Camp (B.A., 1882) of Milwaukee who had gone to Butler County, Kansas, where he was trying his hand at sheep raising. By the end of 1882 he owned a section of land and 900 sheep. In March 1883, Remington joined him and bought a quarter section (160 acres) not far from Camp's for $3,400. It had a three-room frame house, a well, a corral, and two barns on it. Shortly thereafter he bought an adjoining quarter section for $1,250. He bought horses before he bought sheep. The one he rode was a dun mare from Texas that would not have been ridden by any self-respecting range man in Texas—solely because she was a mare: such was the etiquette of the times. But she suited Remington and he named her Terra Cotta. He hired a hand named Bill, who by his talk was an authority on horses. They built a sheep shed. Remington then bought several hundred sheep, which Bill left him to herd until he hired a neighboring boy and thus bought his own freedom. He was still chief cook and bottle washer on his own ranch.

At that time sheep were as respectable as mules or cattle. As Robert Taft shows, up to 1885 no conflict in Kansas existed between sheepmen and cowmen. Remington did not become an artist of sheep, though he made a drawing of his own flock. Inside one of his barns he carved on the wooden wall the picture of a cowboy roping a steer. He was depicting the conventional rather than what he saw.

His post office was Peabody, Kansas. Under the date of May 11, 1883, he wrote a "legal friend" in Canton, New York: "Papers came all right—are the cheese—man just shot down the street—must go." Robert Taft made full examination of files of Peabody newspapers, interviewed many people, including Robert Camp, Remington's ranching *compadre*, but found no evidence whatsoever of "man just shot down the street." To tell the truth, Remington carried on the shooting most of his life.

Of his practice in drawing during his Kansas sojourn, Robert Taft wrote: "He spent considerable time with his sketch book. He sketched his ranch, his sheep, his neighbors and their activities. He went to Plum Grove and sketched the preacher who visited the schoolhouse on Sundays and the sketch was then passed around the audience. A neighbor bought a trotting horse and Remington drew the horse. Bob Camp's cook was greatly pleased when Remington drew for him on rough wrapping paper a sketch of a cow defending her calf from the attack of a wolf. Many evenings a crowd would gather at the Remington ranch and Remington would sketch the individuals as they "chinned" with one another or as they boxed, for boxing was [a] favorite sport of the young ranchers. Few cared to put on gloves with Remington."

In the spring of 1884 he rode horseback to Dodge City, then the "cowboy capital of the world," and other points in the cow country. Back with his sheep, he learned that Terra Cotta could not outdodge a jackrabbit. Then he learned that a mare "looking old and decrepit," owned by a stranger looking still older and more decrepit, could outrun two horses that his friends and his hired man Bill had spent days and nights extolling. He lost Terra Cotta on a bet. He wrote and illustrated the jackrabbit and horse races for *Outing* magazine (New York, May 1887), under title of "Coursing Rabbits on the Plains."

On Christmas Eve at a schoolhouse party, Remington and his gay friends got so prankish that they were ejected. In a justice of the peace court he paid the costs for his bunch. He did not like dipping sheep, or helping with lambing, or shearing, or any other drudgery. The market for wool was away down before his first clip sold. In May 1884, after sheep-ranching for two months over a year, he sold out to become a professional artist. Robert Taft points out that his brief ranching experience was essentially contemporaneous with similarly brief ranching experiences of Theodore Roosevelt, Owen Wister, and Emerson Hough. He came to illustrate both Wister and Roosevelt and to know them well. Hough, in sarcasm, later called Buffalo Bill, Ned Buntline, and Frederic Remington "the tripartite" creators of the American West. The Kansas year set him on his course.

Remington at work on the original clay model for "Buffalo-Horse" in 1907.

IN October 1884, Remington married the girl who had been waiting for him—Eva Caten, of Gloversville, New York, not far from his own home town. They went to Kansas City to live, but Remington's pictures were not finding a buyer and before long Eva returned to the bounteous table of her people, while Frederic rode horseback for Arizona and the Apaches. When he got to New York the next year he found, as has been told, a market in *Outing*, edited by his Yale friend Poultney Bigelow. That same year he broke into *Harper's Weekly*. Eva now joined him in New York and thenceforth they lived together, childless, in reasonable harmony so far as the world knows.

By 1888 he was illustrating Roosevelt's *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail* and other books and was moving up into *The Century* and other superior magazines. He did a great deal of writing and illustrating for *Harper's Monthly*, beginning in 1889, but did not hit the big pay that *Collier's* provided until 1898. His nonfiction books are made up mostly of materials first used in magazines.

For years after his pictures—with writings—came into demand, Remington alternated pretty much between trips westward for copy, ideas, knowledge, all sorts of notes and sketches and work in his studio. The contents of *Pony Tracks*, both writing and pictures, illustrates the kind of experiences in the West and South that Remington transmuted into what makes him remembered. In December 1932, at the Piedra Blanca hacienda in northern Coahuila, Mexico, I encountered an old, stove-up American cowhand who had ridden with Remington across unfenced ranges of that country. He said that nobody had to wait for the stout man, but that he had to

(Continued on page 60)

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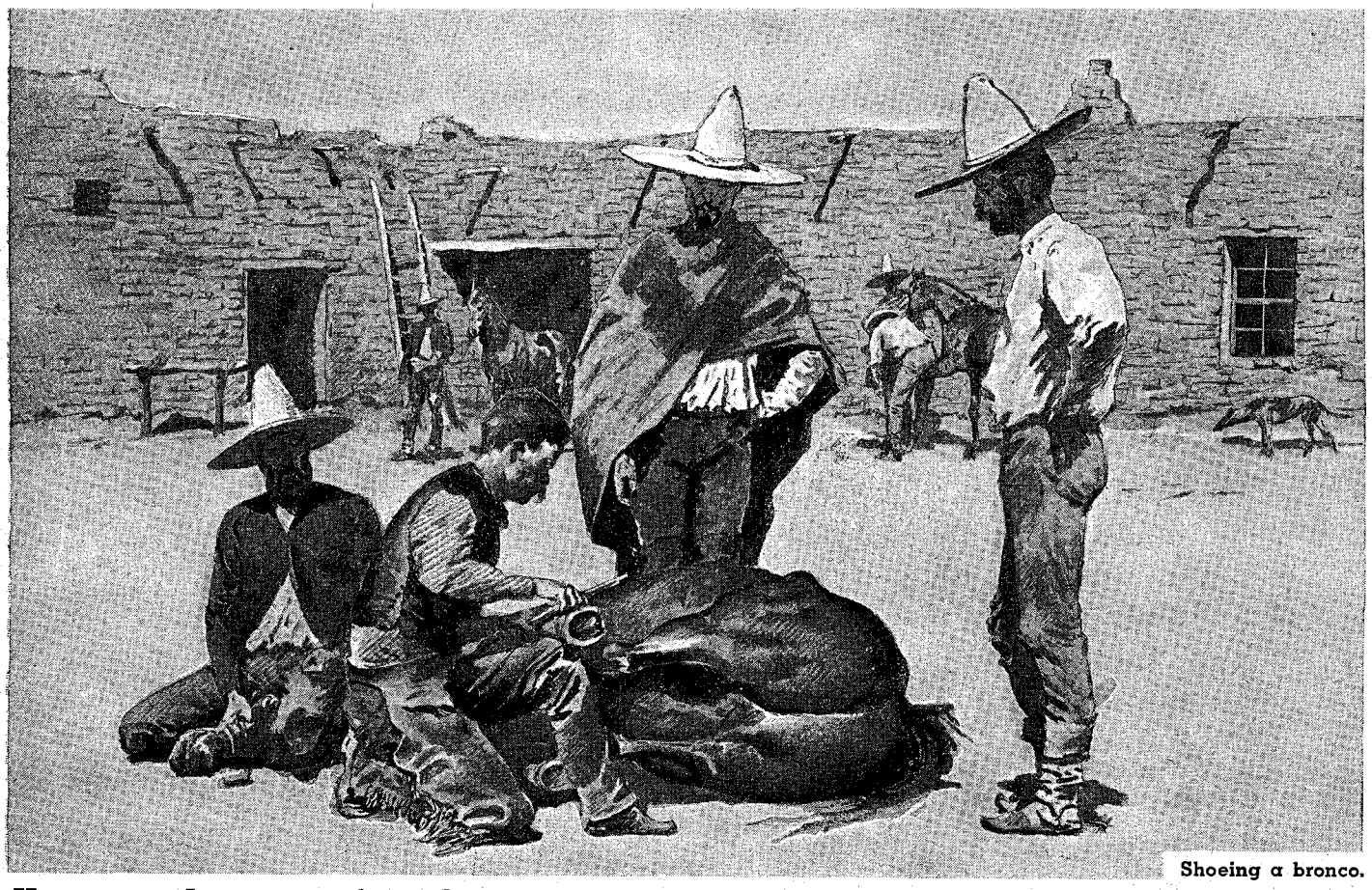

Shoeing a bronco.

Here are the memories of an artist who didn't consider "a week of rail and a week of stage and a week of horseback too far to travel to see a shadow across the moon."

AN OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION

By FREDERIC REMINGTON
submitted by
LOUIS WILLIAM STEINWEDEL

Remington sketch of a *lobo*.

THE HACIENDA San José de Bavicora lies northwest from Chihuahua, 225 of the longest miles on the map. The miles run up long hills and dive into rocky canyons; they stretch over never-ending burnt plains, and across the beds of tortuous rivers thick with scorching sand. And there are three ways to make this travel. Some go on foot—which is best if one has time—like the Tahuramaras; others take it ponyback, after the Mexican manner; and persons with no time and a great deal of money go in a coach.

This last would seem to be the best, but the Guerrero stage has never failed to tip over, and the company makes you sign away your natural rights, and almost your immortal soul, before they will allow you to embark. So it is not the best way at all, if I may judge from my own experience.

We had a coach which seemed to choose the steepest hill on the route, where it then struck a stone, which heaved the coach, pulled out the king-pin, and what I remember of the occurrence is full of sprains and aches and general gloom.

Guerrero is only three-fourths of the way to Bavicora, and you can only go there if Don Gilberto, the *patron* of the hacienda—or if you know him well enough, "Jack"—will take you in the ranch coach.

After bumping over the stones all day for five days, through a blinding dust, we were glad enough when we suddenly came out of the tall timber in the mountain pass and espied the great yellow plain of Bavicora and the blue hills of the Sierra. In an hour's ride more, through a chill wind, we were at the ranch. We pulled up at the entrance, which was garnished by a bunch of cowpunchers who regarded us curiously as we pulled our aching bodies and bandaged limbs from the Concord and limped into the patio.

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The *administrador* of San José de Bavicora.

Music at the *baile*.

To us was assigned the room of honor, and after shaking ourselves down a good bed, with mattress and sheeting, we recovered our cheerfulness. A hot toddy, a roaring fireplace, completed the effect. The floor was strewn with bear and wolf skin rugs; it had pictures and draperies on the walls; and in a corner a wash basin and pitcher—so rare in these parts—was set on a stand, grandly suggestive of the refinements of luxury we had attained to. I do not wish to convey the impression that Mexicans do not wash, because there are brooks enough in Mexico if they want to use them, but wash basins are the advance-guards of progress, and we had been on the outposts since leaving Chihuahua.

JACK'S man William had been ever present and administered to our slightest wish; his cheerful "Good mo'n'in', gem-men," as he lit the fire, recalled to us life, and after a rub-down I went out to look at the situation.

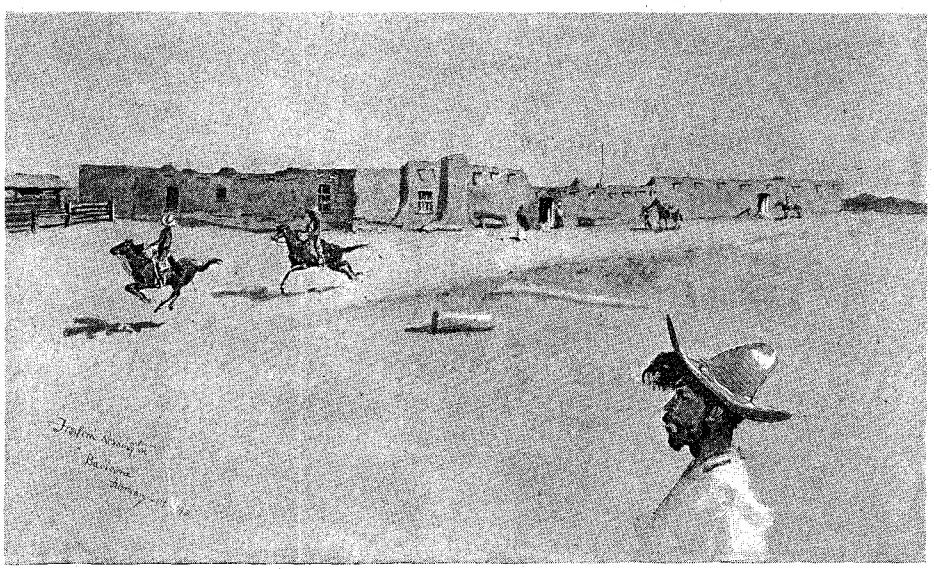
Jack's ranch is a great straggling square of mud walls and enclosing two patios, with adobe corrals and out-buildings, all obviously constructed for the purpose of defense. It was built in 1770 by the Jesuits, and while the English and Dutch were fighting for the possession of the Mohawk Valley, Bavicora was an outpost of civilization, as it is today. Locked in a strange language, on parchment stored in vaults in Spain, are the records of this enterprise.

In 1840 the good Fathers were murdered by the Apaches, the country devastated and deserted, and the cattle and horses hurried to the mountain lairs of the Apache devils. The place lay idle and unreclaimed for years, threatening to crumble back to the dust of which it is made. Nearby are curious mounds on the banks of a dry arroyo. The punchers have dug down into these ruins, and found adobe walls, mud plasterings, skeletons, and bits of woven goods. They call them the "Montezumas." All this was to be changed. In 1882 an American cowboy—which was Jack—accompanied by two companions, penetrated south from Arizona, and as he looked from the mountains over the fair plain of Bavicora, he said, "I will take this."

The Apaches were on every hand; the country was terrorized to the gates of Chihuahua, but the stout heart of the pioneer was not disturbed, and he made his word good. By purchase he acquired the plain, and so much more that you could not ride around it in two weeks. He moved in with his hardy punchers and fixed up Bavicora so it would be habitable. He chased the Indians off his ranch whenever he "cut their sign." After a while the Mexican *vaqueros* overcame their terror when they saw the American held his own with the Apache devils, and by twos and threes and half-dozens they came up to take service and now there are two hundred who lean on Jack and call him *patron*. They work for him and they follow him on the Apache trail, knowing he will never run away, believing in his beneficence and trusting to his courage.

I sat on a mud bank and worked away at a sketch of the yellow sunlit walls of the mud ranch, with the great plain running away like the ocean into a violet streak under the blue line of the Pena Blanca. In the rear rises a curious formation of hills like millions of ruins of Rhine castles. The lobos howl by night, and the Apache is expected to come at any instant. The old *criada* or serving woman who makes the beds saw her husband killed at the front door, and every man who goes out of the patio has a large assortment of the most improved artillery on his person. Old carts with heavy wooden wheels like millstones stand about. Brown people with big

THE HACIENDA SAN JOSÉ DE BAVICORA.



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straw hats and gay *serapes* lean lazily against the grey walls. Little pigs carry on the contest with nature, game chickens strut, and clumsy puppies tumble over each other in joyful play; burros stand about sleepily, only indicating life by suggestive movements of their great ears.

I rose to go inside, and while I gazed I grew exalted in the impression that here in the year 1893, I had rediscovered a Fort Laramie after Mr. Francis Parkman's well known description. [Note—Coincidentally, the famous author of *The Oregon Trail* and other Western Americana died that year, and his death was reported in the same volume of *Harper's* that carried this story of Remington's.] The foreman, Tom Bailey, was dressed in store clothes and our room had bedsteads and a wash stand; otherwise it answered quite well. One room was piled high with dried meat and the great stomachs of oxen filled with tallow; another room is a store full of goods—calicoes, buckskin, riatas, yellow leather shoes, guns, and other quaint plunder adapted to the needs of a people who sit on the ground and live on meat and corn meal.

CHARLIE JIM, the Chinese cook, has a big room with a stove in it, and he and the stove are a never-ending wonder to all of the folks, and the fame of both has gone across the mountains to Sonora and to the south. Charlie is an autocrat in his curious Chinese way, and by the

El patron

dignity of his position as Mr. Jack's private cook, and his unknown antecedents, he conjures the Mexicans and damns the Texans, who refuse to take him seriously and kill him as they would a "proper" man. Charlie Jim in return entertains ideas of Texans which he secretes except when they dine with Jack, when he may be heard to mutter, "Cake and pie no good for puncher, make him fat and lazy." And when he crosses the patio and they fling a rope over his foot, he becomes livid and breaks out, "Damn puncher; damn rope; rope man all same horse; damn puncher; no good that way."

The *patron* has the state apartment, and no one goes there with his hat on; but the relations with his people are those of a father and children. An old grey man approaches; they touch the left arm with the right—an abbreviated hug—say, "*Bueno dias, Don Sabino,*" and shake hands. A California saddle stands on a rack by the desk, and the latter is littered with photographs of men in London clothes and women in French dresses, the latter singularly out of character with their surroundings. The old *criada* squats silently by the fireplace, her head enveloped in her blue *rebozo*, and deftly rolls her cigarette. She alone, and one white bulldog, can come and go without restraint.

The administrator, who is Mr. Tom Bailey of Texas, moves about in the discharge of his responsibilities, and they are universal; anything and everything is his work, from the negotiation for the sale of five thousand head of cattle to the busting of a bronco which no one else can crawl.

The clerk is in the store, with his pink boy's face, a pencil behind his ear and a big sombrero, trying to look as though he had lived in these wilds longer than at San Francisco. He has acquired the language and the disregard of time

Saddling up in the courtyard.

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The Chinese cook.

necessary to one who would sell a *real's* Mexican coin worth of cotton cloth to a Mexican.

The forge in the blacksmith's shop is going, and one puncher is cutting another's hair in the sunlight; ponies are being lugged in on the end of lariats and thrown down, tied fast, and left in a convulsive heap ready to be shod at the disposition of their riders.

On the roof of the house are two or three men looking and pointing to the little black specks on the plain far away, which are the cattle going into the *lagunas* to drink.

The second patio, or the larger one, is entered by a narrow passage, and here you find horses and saddles and punchers coming and going, saddling and unsaddling their horses, and being bucked about or dragged on a rope. In the little doorways to the rooms of the men, stand women in calico dresses and blue cotton *rebozos*, while the dogs and pigs lie about and little brown *vaqueros* are ripening in the sun. In the rooms you find pottery, stone *metates* for grinding corn, a fireplace, a symbol of the Catholic Church, some *serapes*, some rope, and buckskin. The people sit on a mat on the floor, and make cigarettes out of native tobacco and corn husks, or rolled tortillas; they laugh and chat in low tones, and altogether occupy the tiniest mental world, hardly larger than the patio, and not venturing beyond the little mud town of Temozachic, forty miles over the hills. Physically the men vacillate between the most intense excitement and a comotose state of idleness, where all is quiet and slothful, in contrast to the mad whirl of the rodeo.

IN the *haciendas* of Old Mexico one will find the law and custom of feudal days. All of the laws of Mexico are in protection of the landowner. The master is without restraint. The *patron* of Bavicora, for instance, leases land to a Mexican, and it is one of the arrangements

The puncher costume.

that he shall drive the ranch coach to Chihuahua. All leases of land are obliged to follow the *patron* to war and, indeed, since the common enemy is the Apache in these parts and is as likely to harry the little as the great, it is exactly to his interest to wage the war. Then, too, comes the responsibility of the *patron* to his people. He must feed them in famine, he must arbitrate their disputes, and he must lead them at all times. If through improvidence their work cattle die or give out, he must restock them, so that they may continue the cultivation of the land, all of which is not altogether profitable in a financial way as we of the North may think where all business is done on the "hold you responsible, sir" basis.

The *vaqueros* make their own saddles and *reatas*; only the iron saddle rings, the rifles, and the knives come from the *patron*, and where he gets them God alone knows and the puncher never cares. No doctor attends the sick, old women's nursing standing between life and death. The Creator in His Providence has arranged it so that simple folk are rarely sick, and a sprained ankle, a bad bruise from a steer's horn or a pitching horse, are soon remedied by rest and a good constitution. At times instant and awful death overtakes the puncher—a horse in a gopher hole, a mad steer, a chill with a knife, a blue hole where the .45 went in, quicksand closing overhead, and a cross on a hillside are all.

Never is a door closed. Why they were put up I failed to discover. For I tried faithfully to keep mine shut, but everyone coming or going left it open so that I gave up in despair. There are only two windows in the ranch of San José de Bavicora, one in our chamber and one in the blacksmith shop, both opening into the court. In fact, I found they

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The haircut *a la puncher.*

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BONE MIZELL

Remington's Cracker cowpoke who never left the central Florida cattle country...

By GEORGE LEPOSKY
Photos Courtesy Author

Above, this early photo of Bone Mizell hangs in the Pioneer Park Museum in Zolfo Springs. No one knows when it was made, but it shows Bone before the rugged life he lived had taken its toll. At right, Bone Mizell is believed to be the subject of the print, "A Cracker Cowboy," by the famed artist and illustrator of frontier life, Frederic Remington. Remington came to Arcadia in 1895 to write about Florida's cracker cowboys for *Harper's Weekly*.

HE WAS the cracker wag of the Florida cow country, kindling his pipe with dollar bills, branding cattle with his teeth and clowning his way to a permanent niche in Sunshine State folklore. In short, Bone Mizell was just a typical cowboy—the way Paul Bunyan was a typical lumberjack.

Unlike the mythical Bunyan, though, ol' Bone actually did rustle cattle, guzzle booze and get himself immortalized in a Frederic Remington painting.

Bone had a Roman nose. He lisped and wheezed. Old-timers who knew him say everything he did was funny, and the stories told about him have been embellished since his death in 1921. He's a folk hero now, droller than life, and he's become an institution. The Peace River Valley Historical Society has erected a monument to Bone near the Pioneer Park Museum in Zolfo Springs.

Bone roamed the valley when it was one vast open range, and Arcadia and Wauchula were thriving little cowtowns. He was a top hand for Zibe King, a prominent rancher of the day, and though Bone couldn't read, write or do sums he carried King's accounts in his head while outriding every other cowpoke in the area.

Gaunt, mean scrub cattle roamed freely across endless miles of swamp and palmetto flats, through swarms of mosquitoes, searing sun and tropical torrents of rain. The rugged men who tended these herds worried little about appropriating each other's cows unless they got caught at it. Bone's name appeared on the semi-annual docket of Arcadia's circuit court for many years, but he always managed to beat the rap—with one exception.

One day Bone was butchering a cow when its owner rode up. The man swore out a warrant, and Bone was in real trouble.

The judge asked him if he had anything to say. "I shore do, Yer Honor," Bone declared. "I must of stole ten thousand cows for them I've worked for, and everybody laughs at that, but now I go and steal one leetle ol' speckled calf for myself and you want to send me to the pen."

The judge sentenced Bone to a year in Raiford. His friends arranged a pardon, but then discovered it could not be effective until Bone actually served some time in the penitentiary.

He received a hero's send-off as he boarded the train in Arcadia. At Raiford, prison officials gave him a tour and a good dinner. He made a speech praising the management, received the pardon which was waiting for him, and — having "served his time"—boarded a train for home.

BONE was also in court quite often on charges arising from his affinity for Jamaica ginger, an inexpensive but potent alcoholic brew which greatly affected his speech. Once, after a barroom brawl, a judge asked him: "Bone, what do you think I should do with your case?"

"Jedge," he replied, "I fink you should nolly kross it."

Another time Bone solemnly assured the Judge that he hadn't imbibed "a drap in a momph."

"What's a momph?" the jurist inquired.

"Hang it, Jedge," lisped Bone, "I fought everybody knowed what a momph is. Hit's firty days."

On one occasion Bone actually appeared in court without being a defendant. He was a witness in a hog theft case, but on taking the witness stand he changed his story.

"When we talked before," the irate prosecutor reminded him, "you said the hog belonged to the man who is bringing charges."

"I was jest talking then," Bone in-

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sisted. "Now I'm swearing."

The court system wasn't the only social structure to endure Bone's cavalier manner. He approached spiritual matters with a mixture of irreverence and tolerance. Mrs. Zula Williams of Arcadia, who proudly admits to being "one of Bone's kinfolks," tells of a Sunday when he came to church at Pine Level, former seat of Manatee County.

"After the services we were having a picnic dinner outdoors on the ground," she recalls. "That's probably why Bone was there. He was drunk and couldn't keep his mind off the dinner. When we all stood to sing a hymn, Bone held up his book but sang 'chicken pie, chicken pie' over and over.

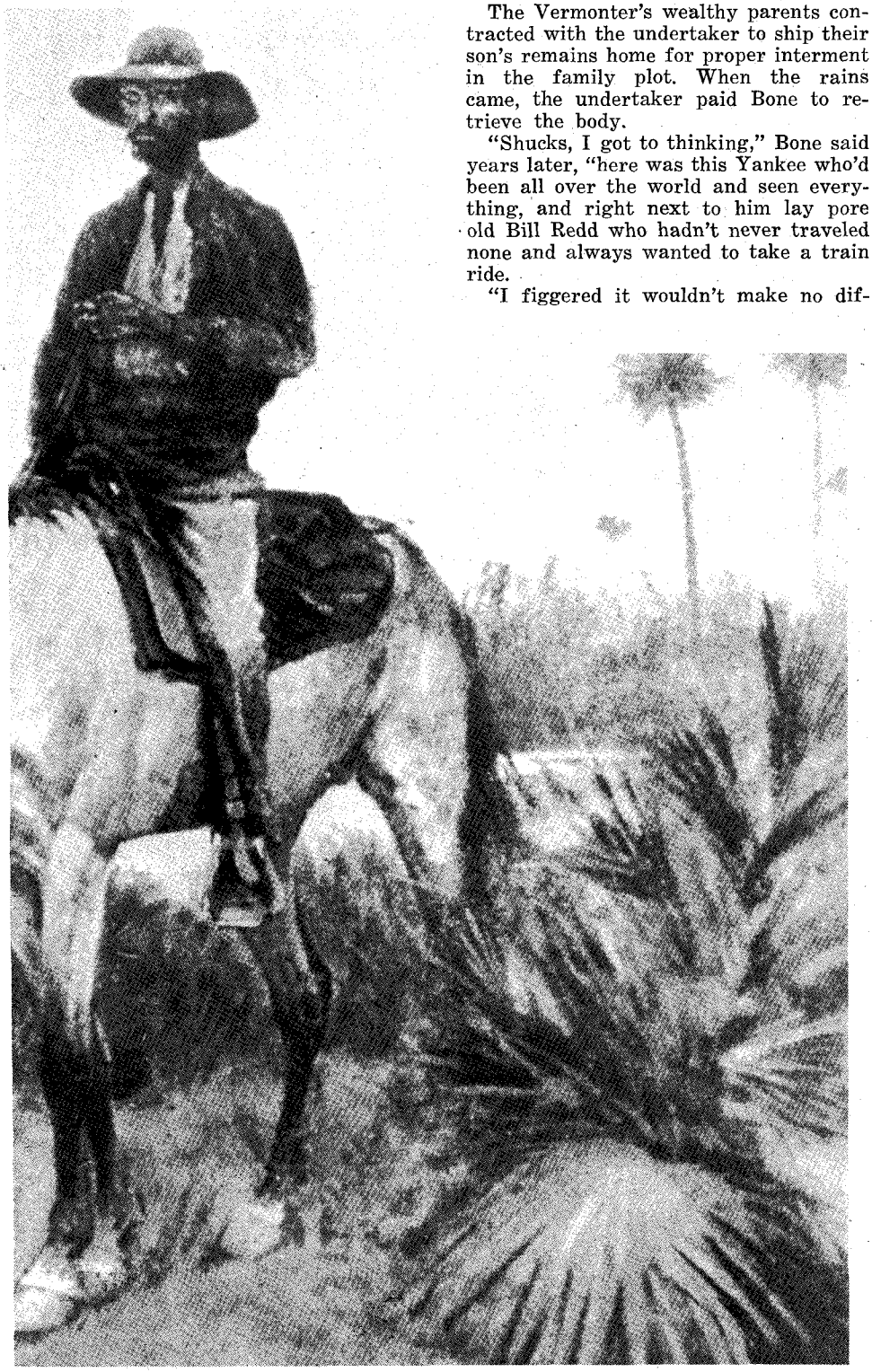
"After the last verse everyone else stopped. Bone just kept right on singing 'chicken pie'."

Then there's the time Bone arranged for one of his fellow crackers to serve as "guest of honor" at a Yankee funeral. An undertaker had hired Bone to dig up the remains of a young Vermont adventurer who had died while camping in the Everglades during the dry season. The man's companions decided they couldn't haul the body out by flatboat across dry creek beds, so they buried their friend in a remote cemetery near Moore Haven.

The Vermonter's wealthy parents contracted with the undertaker to ship their son's remains home for proper interment in the family plot. When the rains came, the undertaker paid Bone to retrieve the body.

"Shucks, I got to thinking," Bone said years later, "here was this Yankee who'd been all over the world and seen everything, and right next to him lay pore old Bill Redd who hadn't never traveled none and always wanted to take a train ride.

"I figgered it wouldn't make no difference to the rich boy nohow, so I said to myself: 'Bill, now's yore chance. I'm gonna give you that ride'."



Bone Mizell's grave in Joshua Creek Cemetery, east of Arcadia, Florida. His friends put up the granite headstone in the 1950s, but its wording isn't universally acclaimed among Bone's relatives.

BONE'S magnanimity extended to the living as well as the dead. Once he sold some cattle of his own, and wanted to show his friends a good time. He went to Tampa, chartered a boat and cruised the bay for several days, serving food and drink to his party. He never inquired about the cost, and when the excursion was over the enormity of the bill left him flabbergasted. It had taken practically all of his cattle money. He was just a poor saddlebuster again.

The Bone legends have taken on a life of their own, but some details of the illustrious cowpoke's life are in dispute among his surviving relatives.

Bone died in the Atlantic Coast Line depot at Fort Ogden, south of Arcadia, on July 14, 1921. His death certificate states the cause as "Moonshine—went to sleep and did not wake up."

He was buried in Joshua Creek Cemetery, just east of Arcadia, in a grave which remained unmarked until the 1950s when some friends erected a small granite marker. It reads:

"Bone." N. Bonaparte Mizelle, 1853-1921.

Nephew Russell Mizelle (note that final "e"), until his recent death, was a mortician in the central Florida town of Avon Park. He used to keep Bone's death cerificate in a worn manila envelope and cite its words with funerary precision. Russell claimed that Bone's first name was Morgan and the birthdate should have been 1863. He grumbled about "burying fictitious people."

Second cousin Tommie Mizell, eighty-seven, who's still ranching at Pine Level, shows you an old newspaper clipping describing Morgan N. Mizelle as a justice of the peace in Orange County from 1863 to 1865. "Morgan was Bone's father," he states. "Bone always went by the name Napolean Bonaparte Mizell. I don't know about the birthdate," he adds. "I wasn't there then."

What about the variation in spelling the family's last name? "That's simple," Tommie explains. "We're descended from

(Continued on page 23)

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SINISTER FROM

When Billy Breakenridge came calling on Wyatt Earp — with a smile on his face — something was up. What do you do when an old enemy stands at your door with a hat in his hand instead of a gun?

OUR happy later years in California had much humdrum daily routine to them. Many old friends from the past drifted through in those days. But there were strangers, too, and none ever came to visit Wyatt that didn't get around in the first half hour to asking him about the street fight that took place between the Earps and the Cowboys in Tombstone.

They didn't realize they were being callous with such a question. Wyatt had been a professional lawman who prided himself on his ability to maintain order without killing. He, as Virgil's deputy, accompanied his brother to arrest some desperate men. I believe there was no thought in his mind except how that could be accomplished without bloodshed. Something went wrong and it didn't work out that way.

It's true that he earlier had some hot words with Ike Clanton and a difficulty with Tom McLaury, but by the time of the shooting he'd had time to cool down again. Wyatt was not quick to anger, but he was quick to get over it. Asking Wyatt about the fight was as inconsiderate as asking a famous surgeon about the one patient that he lost during a delicate operation.

Tombstone was an unhappy interlude in his life. He never wished to return after leaving it and I can understand why.

We seldom talked of Tombstone because of the painful memories for both of us. [*Mrs. Earp's painful memory was her unhappy love affair with Sheriff Johnny Behan, which she had expected to end in their marriage.—GB*] Perhaps because of some superstitious feeling about Tombstone I always mark the end of our happy later years as the arrival on our doorstep one morning of an evil influence that was to exacerbate unhealed wounds from that distant time.

I believe the year was 1925 or 1926. We were in Vidal, California where we had a cottage. This was near where our mines were located. Wyatt's health had been failing and he was doing no work at that time.

Early one morning a stooped shadowy figure stepped down from the westbound and stood in the chill desert pre-dawn as the train chuffed out again on its way to the coast. He registered at the little hotel in our desert village, then inquired where he might find Wyatt Earp. From the hotel porch the clerk pointed out our cottage. The stranger sat on the hotel porch smoking a cigar and waiting for sunup.

About 7 a.m., as was my habit, I had a good fire going in the cook stove getting ready to start breakfast. I called in to wake Wyatt up, "If you'd like a good hot breakfast you'd better roll out."

"I'm awake," he answered. "I'll be ready as soon as you are."

I popped a pan of his favorite biscuits in the oven. Just then someone knocked on the door.

"Who in the world is that at this early hour?" I wondered.

A stooped gray-haired man with glasses stood on the porch with his Stetson in one hand.

"Mrs. Earp?" he inquired.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

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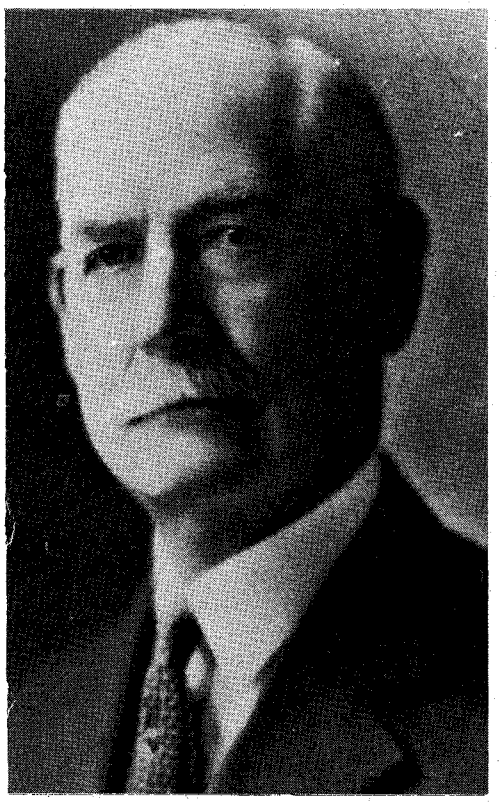
SHADOW THE PAST



Courtesy Mrs. Merritt Beeson

Above, Wyatt Earp at the time of Breakenridge's visit. At left, Billy Breakenridge. Below, Lotta Crabtree, famous actress and protegé of Lola Montez.

Courtesy The Union, Grass Valley, California

By JOSEPHINE EARP
edited by
GLENN G. BOYER
Photos Courtesy Glenn G. Boyer

"Yes," I answered uncertainly, trying to place what was familiar about the look and the voice.

"Remember me?" he asked.

Then it came to me. Tombstone—1881. Johnny Behan was introducing me to a clean-cut young man with mild baby-blue eyes and a girlish face. That face was there beneath this older version.

"Billy Breakenridge!" I exclaimed. "Whatever brings you to see us?"

This was Johnny Behan's old deputy from Tombstone, Wyatt's political enemy whose gossipy tongue-wagging to vindicate his own shady past had caused most of the vicious now-it-can-be-told fiction about the Earps. What was he doing here?

Billy smiled broadly, obviously pleased that I had recognized him.

"To tell you the truth I need Wyatt's help with a case I'm working on," he confessed.

I was thunderstruck. Five minutes before if someone had asked me what I'd do if he showed up I'd have said, "Shoot my first man." But now my curiosity was piqued. Besides, we didn't really hate Billy. Our feeling was one halfway between pity and deploring his ways. Strangely enough that was almost everyone's way of thinking about Billy, even when he was young.

"Come in," I invited. Then I called to Wyatt. "You'll never guess who's here, Billy Breakenridge!"

"Come in here, you old coyote," Wyatt called sociably. "I'm still in bed."

Billy approached the door of the bedroom uncertainly, then ducked his head in.

"Hello, old-timer," he greeted Wyatt.

They shook hands warmly, all past enmity falling aside for the moment. Wyatt looked Billy over with a benign twinkle in his eye.

Billy said, "It's good to see you, Wyatt. You haven't changed much—it's been one helluva long time. Let's see—it would be 1882."

"You had breakfast yet?" Wyatt asked.

Billy hesitated politely.

"Don't be bashful," I added. "We won't hear of you not joining us. I'm just about to start things cooking."

I left them chatting about old times as I went back to the kitchen. In a short while the biscuits recipe was doubled, some special strawberry preserves were opened, and crisp bacon, eggs sunny-side up and coffee were all ready.

I was happy to see the way Billy tied on that breakfast.

"This is a royal feed," he acknowledged my work. "Real nice. I sure feel bad about barging in unexpected, though."

"Glad to have you," Wyatt and I told him almost in unison.

Wyatt was politely waiting for Billy to open up about why he had come. I was sure he heard Billy's statement at the door about needing help.

"I'M working on a case," Billy started. "There's quite a good piece of money in it for me that I can sure use."

Wyatt looked at Billy with polite interest.

"Remember Johnny Crabtree in Tombstone—Lotta Crabtree's brother?" he asked.

"Sure do," Wyatt said. "Ran a livery stable."

Even I remembered Jack Crabtree's livery for some reason, I suppose because he was the brother of the famous actress. Jack had come to Tombstone in the early days and married there. As I recall Billy's story, the rights of Jack's child to his sister's fortune were involved in some way. Billy was looking for information concerning Jack's marriage in the old days in Tombstone.

"The problem for me," Billy said, "is that I don't remember a thing about the Crabtrees' marriage. Someone told me you knew all about it."

"I'll be glad to help you all I can," Wyatt told him. "I'll sure tell you all I know about it."

They talked along these lines all through breakfast while I kept the biscuits, butter and preserves, and coffee coming.

After breakfast they sat on the porch in chairs tilted against the wall. Their old desert-wise eyes swept the country for whatever messages it had, ranging the wide area from the blue Whipple Mountains to the Colorado River sweeping between the mesas a few miles to the east.

All morning they chatted. I called them to lunch, after which they went back to talking of Lotta Crabtree till I called them again for dinner.

From the front porch I had heard the frequent sound of Billy's high-pitched laugh or Wyatt's more restrained chuckle or low-pitched voice. They were talking of old times and old-timers. Each was careful to avoid any ground that might be embarrassing to the other due to past political cleavages.

Sometime during the day Billy went to the store for cigars. During his absence I cautioned Wyatt, "Watch out for him. You know what an ingrate and double-crosser he always has been."

"I suppose he'll bear watching even yet," Wyatt agreed, "but sooner or later

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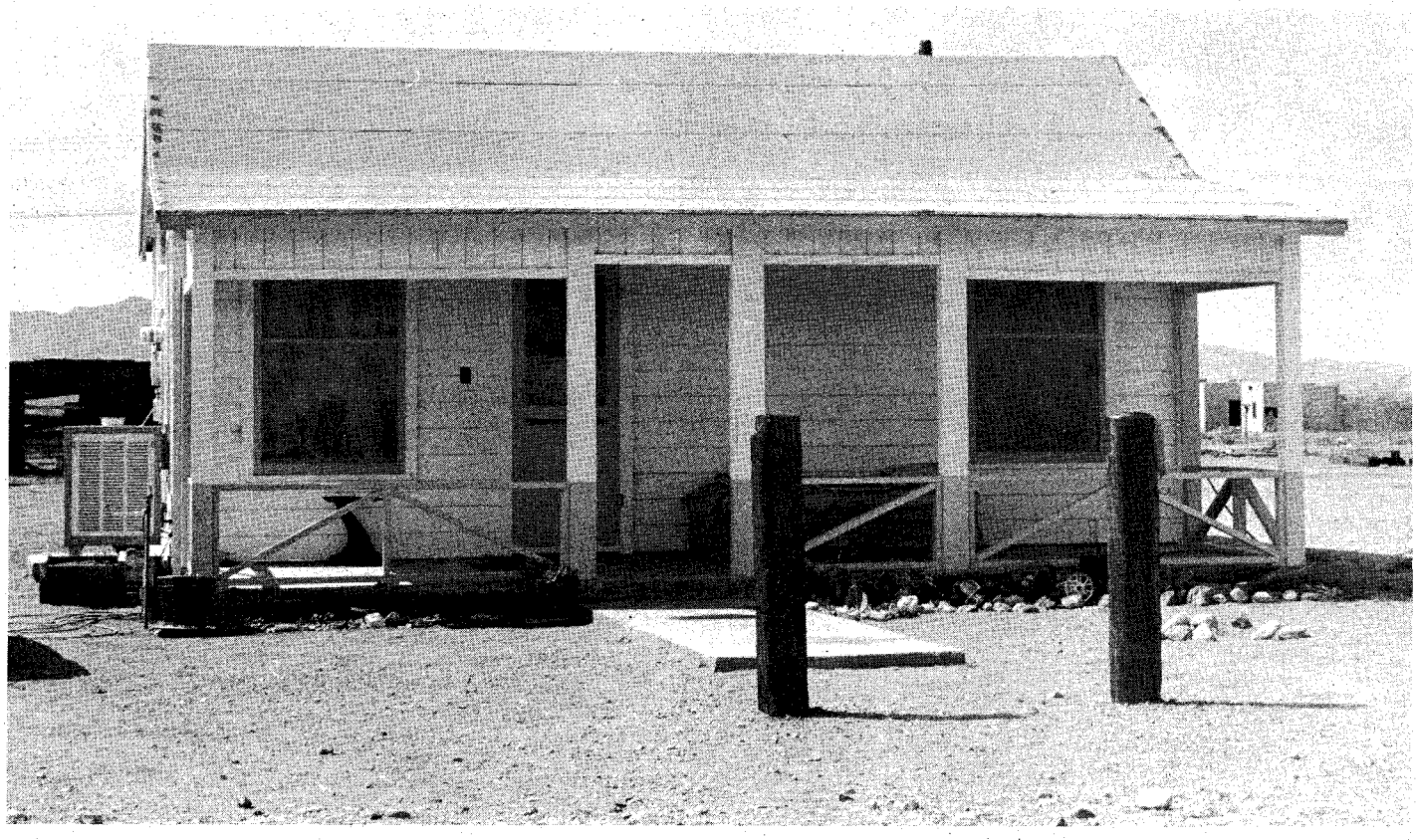

The Earp cottage at Vidal, California in 1970. Courtesy Turner-Aster Earp Collection

we must let bygones be bygones."

Wyatt likely suspected that the leopards weren't changing their spots that season, but so long as Billy wanted to be friendly he was willing to help him in any way he could.

"There aren't many of us left," Wyatt said sadly. "We ought to stick together now."

After dinner at the close of a long day of reminiscing and speculation on the Crabtree case there still seemed to be a number of details that weren't cleared up.

Wyatt offered a solution to that problem. "We'll be in Los Angeles soon and I may be able to get in touch with some folks who could help you out, Billy," he said. "Why don't you drop over there in a week or so?"

"All right, I'll do that," Billy agreed, and we gave him our Los Angeles address.

BILLY showed up in due time. Wyatt was sick in bed a lot during that period. The illness that eventually took his life was attacking him intermittently. Billy sat beside Wyatt's bed jotting down notes. I sat with them.

We three combed our minds for the names of people who might still be alive who could help. We speculated about who married whom, or which ones were dead, using the big Los Angeles phone directory beside us to look up this or that one if we could remember the right married name. We made dozens of phone calls to help out Billy Breakenridge because we knew he was badly in need of the money the case would bring him.

Lotta Crabtree must have spent her last days in Boston. Sometime after Billy's visit two members of a Boston law firm visited us. Billy had given them our address. One of them was a judge. I have forgotten their names. They also brought a woman who was a notary public. They were with Wyatt for some time on business, then later just visiting.

The judge finally got around to asking Wyatt the inevitable question. I suspect Wyatt knew it was coming. The judge was a typical New England stereotype of formality and good breeding.

"Mr. Earp," he said, "do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead."

"Is it true that they had a man for breakfast every morning in Tombstone, as the saying goes?"

"We were a damn sight safer in Tombstone," Wyatt dryly informed him, "than you are in Los Angeles."

That seemed to strike him funny. Perhaps it was an Easterner's readiness to believe anything about Los Angeles, the wicked Western metropolis.

We didn't hear from Breakenridge for quite awhile after that, except in rather a strange manner. I answered the doorbell one day and found another ghost from the past standing on our porch. It was Albert Behan, Johnny's son, to whom I'd once been almost a mother when his father and I were thinking of getting married—or perhaps only I was thinking of getting married. Albert was never his father's son. He was a gentleman with none of his father's scheming deceitful ways. [*We must recall that Mrs. Earp's view was understandably biased. Johnny Behan was a man of great charm, especially for the ladies.—GB*]

Albert visited with us for several hours, talking of the past, of mutual acquaintances and so on. I sensed, however, that he really had something else on his mind. As he was getting ready to leave, it became apparent that this was the case.

"I think I ought to tell you something, Mr. Earp," he said. "I met Billy Breakenridge on the street in Tucson the other day. I normally try to stay out of his way, but I had a matter of business to talk over with him. I've never trusted him and I don't think you should either. He said he's seen you lately, then went on to say he was writing a book in which he really intended to burn the Earps up. He said he was going to give you and your brothers hell."

Wyatt literally appeared nonplused.

"Now why would he want to do that?" Wyatt inquired as much of me as of Albert. "Billy and I never have had any *personal* trouble."

"I can't imagine," Albert said, unless it's simply spite from long ago. Billy would have given his right arm to be half the lawman you were, you know. [*Albert Behan was also a lawman of much experience, probably more so than either Earp or Breakenridge.—GB*] I heard you helped him a lot on the Crabtree case, so I decided to come and tell you about it. If you want to jump him about it, don't hesitate to use my name in the matter."

Wyatt did write to Breakenridge about it, stating what Albert had told us. He got back such a letter as one would expect from Billy, claiming he had said no such thing. The truth of the matter came out with his book *Helldorado*.

TO adequately express Wyatt's reaction to Billy's book I feel it is necessary

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to establish positively that Wyatt was even less demonstrative as he grew older than previously, and he had always been a very self-contained person. Imagine my amazement when he loudly guffawed over parts of *Helldorado*.

"Well, what in the world is it?" I asked. "Let me in on it."

When he stopped chuckling Wyatt said, "Billy has me all got up in a steel bullet-proof vest the day I got Curly Bill. Not only that, but I didn't really get old Curly—it was two other fellows." [*This occurred shortly before Wyatt's death.—GB*]

I had to take the book and read that part for myself. It made me angry. "He's doing that to belittle you, Wyatt," I snapped. "And someone smarter than he is put him up to it."

"Clum offered $2000 for anyone to turn up old Curly alive," Wyatt said. "But no one collected. As for the steel jacket, can you imagine riding around the Arizona desert in one of those on one of those nice spring days at about 90 degrees? Not that I wouldn't have been thankful for one when Curly and his crowd turned loose at us."

When Wyatt got to Ringo's body being found he stopped to let me read that part. After I finished he volunteered some information that truly startled me—in all the years together he had never hinted at such a thing.

"Do you know who Wells Fargo paid to keep us posted on where we could find Johnny Ringo if he ever got where he wasn't surrounded by his whole crowd?" [*Do not miss the implication that Wyatt was bounty hunting when he got Ringo.—GB*]

I shook my head in the negative.

"Two people," he said. "One was Frank Leslie; the other was Billy Breakenridge. And Billy got the money."

After reading *Helldorado* for myself I was amazed at how frank Billy was about his association with those he admits were stock rustlers, stage robbers and murderers. Of course, in those days everyone knew Johnny Behan's jail was constitutionally not constructed so as to hold a member of the Cowboy Gang.

We wrote a letter to William McLeod Raine, who had actually written the book for Billy, to inquire if he had made any independent attempt to verify Billy's more libelous statements. He said he had not, but simply wrote down what Billy told him, believing it made a spicier story, whereas the other approach would have ruined the effect of a "salty frontier chronicle" as he put it.

We should have saved our paper and stamp, to say nothing of the time wasted.

Two added things throw light on Billy and may be of interest to the reader who is after truth. First, Billy was, in my inexperienced eyes as a young girl in Tombstone, a model young man. He never seemed to have the alliances with dancehall women that frequently became the talk of the town. Yet most of the sheriff's department were almost as notorious for their escapades along those lines as for their alliance with acknowledged outlaws. I thought it was most commendable in Billy, especially considering the influence on him of his immediate associates. It was years later that experience led me to reflect that to my knowledge Billy never had anything to do with women *at all*. One wonders how Johnny Behan, who was just the opposite, tolerated him. [*Breakenridge never married.—GB*]

Secondly, Billy was a stool pigeon. I had no idea of the extent of his activities until Wyatt told me of his part in the Ringo affair. Aside from that, he carried information to the Earps about the sheriff's department, and undoubtedly tried to pry out secrets to carry the other way.

This brings my thoughts back to Tombstone as I knew it. It shouldn't be a matter of wonder that the honest element finally formed a vigilante group. It was known as the Citizen's Safety Committee, consisting technically of 100 members, but counting rank and file from the mines it probably ran three times that many.

Even the Vigilantes were not enough. In the end, "six-shooter law" had to adjudicate Cochise County's sad case. The Earps were to be the instrument of meting out the eventual unappealable sentences. They did not know this when they first set eyes on that town. Nor did they know that the price of their ultimate sacrifice would be banishment and obloquy.

Bone Mizell

(Continued from page 19)

French Huguenots who used the final 'e'. My wife still does, but I just got tired of writing it, so I quit."

Bone probably didn't have enough schooling to spell the name either way, but he wasn't dumb. Once on a cattle drive the time came to make camp, and Bone decided to escape the drudgery of suppertime chores. He volunteered to fetch water from a nearby 'gator hole he knew. Off he went, to return only when dinner was practically cooked.

"What took you so long?" the other cowhands inquired in accusatory tones.

"Boys, I'm telling you something!" Bone exclaimed. "I just saw the dangdest cat fight I ever saw in my life. On the edge of that pond two old bobcats was a-fighting and a-growling at one another. All at once they stood up facing each other like two men, then like a streak of lightning they clinched and began to climb one another.

"And, you know what, boys? I stood right there and watched them climb clear out of sight."

On the return trip the men camped at the same place, and Bone once again went off to the 'gator hole for water. When he came back, the cowboys asked him:

"Bone, did you see anything of your bobcats this time?"

"No, boys," he replied, "but I guess they are still a-fighting as the fur is still a-falling."

THE MONUMENT at Zolfo Springs commemorates the cowboy's importance to Florida folklore, as a symbol of the state's frontier period. Getting that monument dedicated involved a piece of political bedevilment which must surely have had ol' Bone chuckling in his grave.

The first arrangements were made several years ago, with a high state official slated as the principal speaker. This choice was considered a plum at the time, but the plum turned sour after the man resigned amid charges that state employes had been working on his farm.

As the date for the ceremony approached, officials of the Peace River Valley Historical Society hoped that the invited speaker would send regrets and bow out gracefully. He didn't. Some of the valley residents clamored for him to be disinvited, and Russell Mizelle threatened court action to stop the event on grounds of "complete aggravation."

Mizelle contended that the dedication was merely an excuse to "get four or five thousand people together so someone can make a speech. You can't have an election without getting a crowd together, and this was a way to do it. I felt like Uncle Bone was being used."

Finally the society extricated itself from the conflict by canceling the entire affair. It was held almost a year later, with a less controversial speaker.

Frederic Remington's 1895 visit to Arcadia, the central Florida cow capital, demonstrated his recognition of the state's Down-South Wild-West character. And certainly no rider epitomized it more than Bone Mizell.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 7)

that if any local bucking horses were brought in, the two riders would try their hand at them.

In a short while a big brown horse, a beautiful animal, was brought into the arena and the saddling process began. First, the shorter and older rider of the two adjusted the stirrups with great care before the saddle was put on. There was no bucking chute—the horse was snubbed up to another horse and the saddle girted on.

As I remember it, the horse belonged to the Sprott family and had been throwing all contestants at the local rodeos. Excitement had reached a peak and the crowd gathered there hung over the fence in anticipation. Texas Bud rode around the arena taking up a collection in his ten-gallon hat, as there had been no admission charge. When everything was ready the little bow-legged rider eased gingerly in to the saddle and gave a nod to release the horse. When the snubber turned the hackamore loose the big horse snorted and bounded into the air. The crowd was due for a disappointment, however, as the big horse only bucked a few jumps and started running. Evidently he'd decided not to be an outlaw anymore and I had the feeling that the crowd felt they had been let down.

Time, progress, World War II, and other things have changed that section of town. The store, feed lot, corrals, etc. no longer exist, but when I pass that spot I still have a nostalgic feeling and can see in my mind the dusty corral, the

(Continued on page 64)

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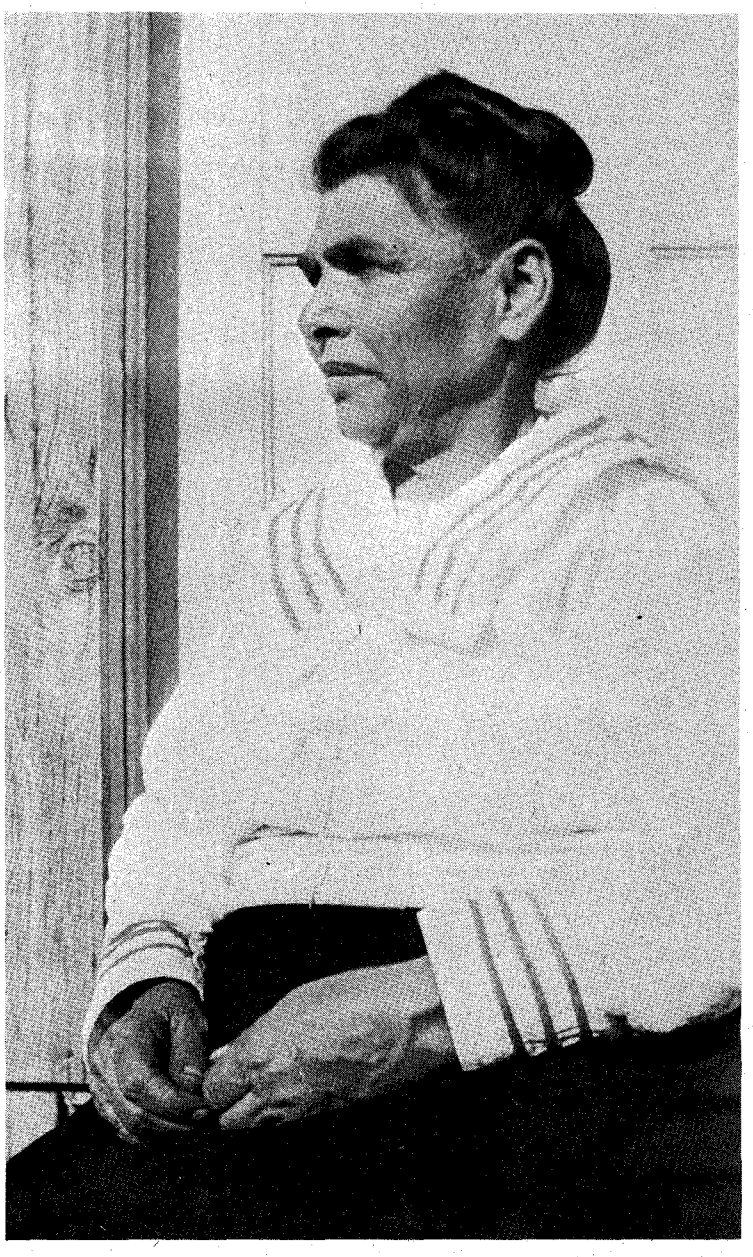
LEBANESE PEDDLER ON THE SHAWNEE TRAIL

By WILLIAM C. NICOLA
Photos Courtesy Author



She could not speak English; she stood 4'5" she walked 80 miles a week with a pack; and she carried a .45!

WHEN my grandmother, Mary, talked about her early days in Texas she would simply shrug about the way she had to live and say it was something that had to be done. Of course, even as a young boy, I came to believe she could have done almost anything—but to have walked a regular route from Austin to San Antonio, peddling goods along the way, was beyond what I considered to be the normal capabilities of such a tiny woman.

She stood 4'5" in her stocking feet, and she was by no means unusually robust. Her flowing black hair reached to her waist, and whenever she traveled she pinned it atop her head in a neat bun. Her complexion was fair and her penetrating eyes a deep brown. In talking to people she always looked them straight in the face, as though to say she trusted them and expected trust in return.

The harshness of the land, and the demanding challenge of the life she had felt obliged to undertake, would soon take a toll of her physical features, aging her before her time, but it would never dim her spirit. She did not give her word lightly. A person's word was a bond.

Mary Wardi had come to this country from Lebanon. She had a brother in Texas who had written her in the Old Country encouraging her to make the trip. There was opportunity here, he wrote, so Mary made the voyage.

She had no money and spoke no English upon arrival, so she began to methodically work her way across country toward the home of her brother Charlie, learning the language along the way. From town to town she would work for awhile, always finding the Lebanese community in the city she was in before doing anything else. Among people from the Middle East who understood her mannerisms, habits, and language, she could at least earn some money and plan the next leg of her trip. She wrote Charlie at regular intervals to let him know where she was.

How long this journey took is difficult to determine—perhaps five years, more or less. By the time the Spanish-American War broke out Mary had arrived at her new and permanent home in San Marcos, Texas and joined her brother.

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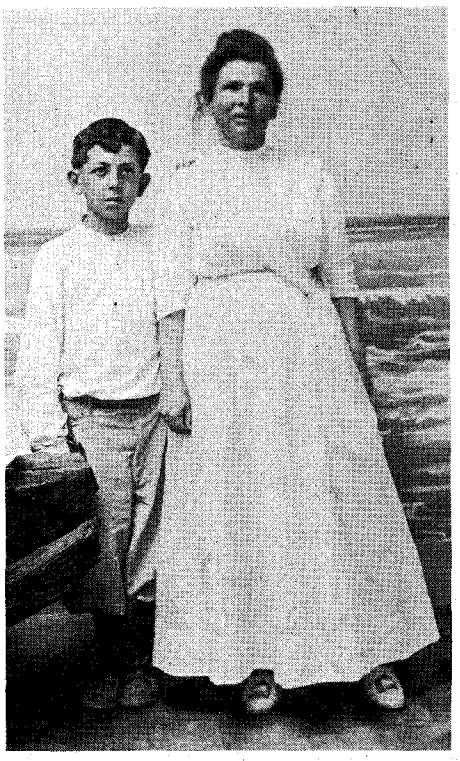

Above, the country that Mary used to cover on foot. This area is southwest of New Braunfels, Texas. At left, Mary in 1935.

CHARLIE was an adventurous sort of fellow. For a number of years, ever since coming to the United States, he had made a modest but comfortable living as a peddler. In San Marcos he had sold his merchandise in the immediate area, only every now and then going outside the county by train.

Eventually, as was his nature, Charlie decided he wanted to try other parts of the country, to move around some more. Now that he knew his sister was safe he felt somewhat more free. Hays County had confined him for too long, anyway. He had heard the place to go to make money on the road was near the Mexican border. Besides, the area of the Rio Grande intrigued him. Mary had had enough of travel and she liked what she saw of the small community of San Marcos. Both brother and sister agreed it was time to go their separate ways.

Stocking up with a moderate supply of goods, Charlie made his way by horseback to Laredo, where he bought more merchandise and a mule to help with the load. Curiously, and probably with a large degree of enthusiasm, he made his way into Mexico, selling his wares along the way.

In the meanwhile, Mary decided it was time to start earning a living on her own. Leaving the small and comfortable house that Charlie had arranged for her, she moved to something she could call her own. She rented a house across the street from the International and Great Northern Railroad Station and began to cast about for a means of supporting herself.

She had gone with her brother on several occasions when he had traveled out of town to buy merchandise. She knew, therefore, that he traded at two wholesales houses: A. B. Frank Company in San Antonio; and McKean-Eilers in Austin. Without giving it too much thought, she bought a round-trip ticket to Austin with what little money she had left.

Finding her way to McKean-Eilers, she looked up the owner and made a proposition. She wanted to go into business for herself, like her brother. Mr. Eilers thought the idea a fine one. There

(Continued on page 48)

Above, Mary Nicola and her son, Joe in 1914. Photo taken in Galveston, Texas, some twelve years after she had settled down in San Marcos, Texas. With money earned from her road trips she opened up a general store there. By 1924 she had earned enough to buy a bakery. Below, Mary in San Marcos, 1932.

On opposite page at bottom, Joe Nicola, Sr., standing in front of bakery truck. The Eagle Bakery was built in 1924 from the profit made during years managing a general store. Below, a local peddler in San Marcos in 1910. This man confined his peddling to around town. *Below right, a photo of Mary as she walked down a dirt road near Goforth, Texas,* on a family trip in 1940.

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By L. W. SERVIS as told to
DONNA L. CONNELL
Photos Courtesy Author

A LOT can be done with a little. I know. I watched my father do it in Kansas. And I helped.

The 160 acres I grew up on were divided into fields in which the crops could be rotated. The last was what was called "upland" which meant it was high in the drainage areas. The pasture was on a drainage divide and was quite rocky with expanses of limestone. It did provide, however, good native grass for pasturage. The fields were on a small grade so that erosion was not a great problem.

My father, William Sumner Servis, planned the crops so they would be diversified. The main ones of annual planting were corn, wheat, oats, millet, cane and kaffir corn, which you now call milo. By planting a variety, Dad played the percentage of crop failures, if there were any. The hazards were hail on the wheat, hot August winds to dry up the corn, cinch bugs in the oats, or bugs in the alfalfa. Maybe only one of these things happened, and I can remember a few years when *all* the crops were good.

Dad planned it so that almost all of the crops would be consumed on the place. The surplus, if any, would be wheat, alfalfa, or sometimes both. With this planing, the cash of crops would be in livestock, mules, cattle and hogs.

Our garden and orchard provided all our needs for fruits and vegetables. We had raspberries, rhubarb, grapes, asparagus, onions, potatoes, lettuce, beans, tomatoes, cabbage, apples, pears, and peaches. What wasn't eaten in season was either canned or made into preserves. I don't ever remember that Mother (Jennie May Kibbe) ever bought canned food at the general store. If she did, it must have been for some special occasion.

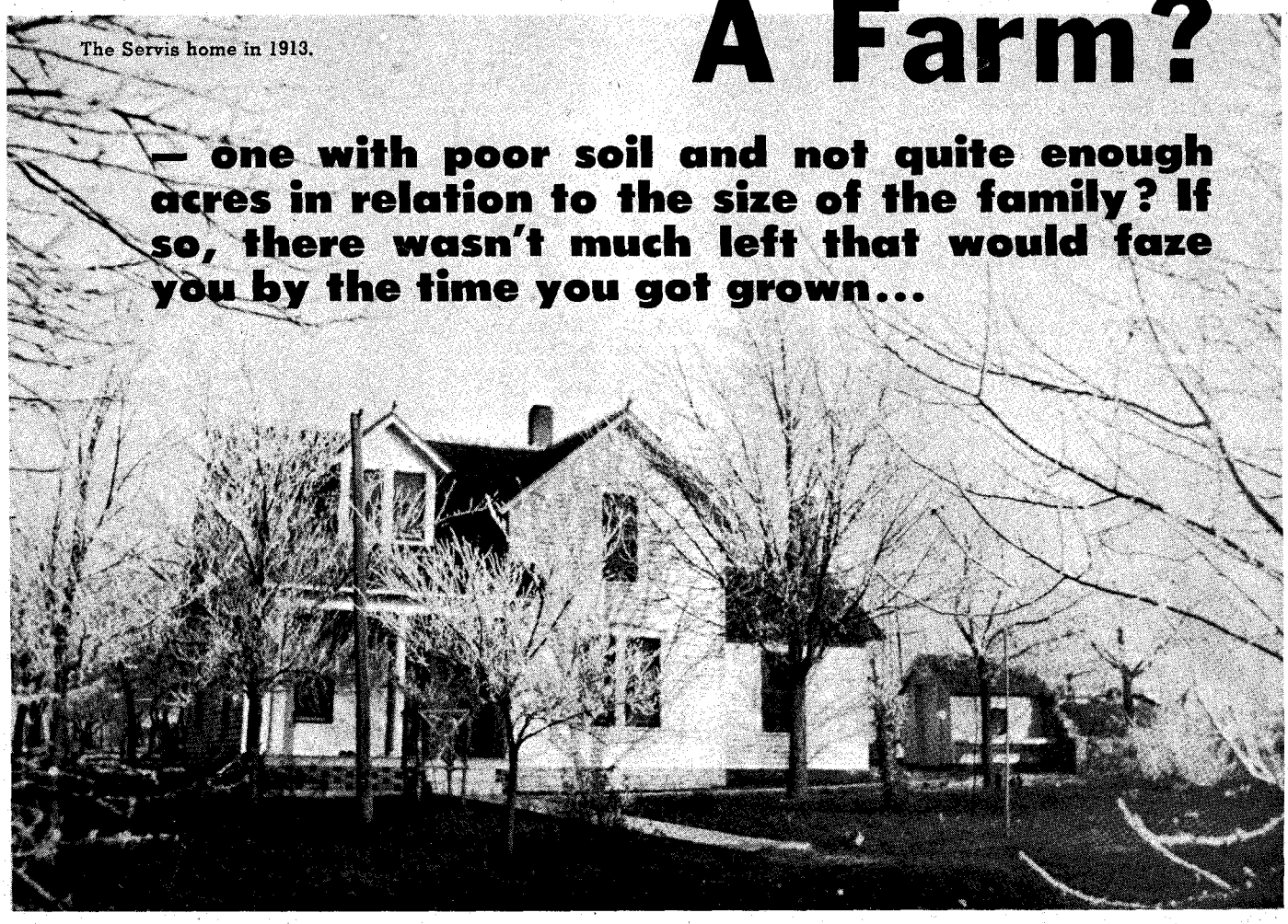
We had six draft horses which doubled as brood mares. They did all the farm work, plus transporting the crops, and us. The mares were bred to jacks and the yield would be five or six mules. Dad would buy more mules, maybe eight or ten, at weaning time in the spring. We three boys would then drive the herd of mules about fifteen miles east for summer pasture. When we brought them home in the fall, we would rough break them to harness. This was done by hitching one up beside an old work horse and driving them around the section, about four miles. Some we worked for a time, but by the following spring all would be sold. There was a large demand for mules in the cotton states in the south, even though the Civil War had been over for nearly fifty years. Buyers would come through on horseback and buy maybe the whole lot at once. The going price then was $150 each. Dad's out-of-pocket cost at selling time was maybe $20. Mules were a great cash income.

His cattle crop was about the same as the mules. We milked four cows which furnished the table with butter and a surplus of cream. Weanling calves were bought from the neighbors for a dollar or two and fed skim milk with a feed supplement. As they grew, we had ample amounts of alfalfa, oats, and corn. Each year Dad would sell about ten or twelve calves. Occasionally a heifer was kept for future milk production.

Hogs followed about the same procedure; however, I don't recall that my father ever purchased any. We always had three or four brood sows and since they had anywhere from ten to twelve pigs apiece, we had plenty of animals! We always butchered maybe four in November, and the remainder were sold at market.

Did You Grow Up On A Farm?

— one with poor soil and not quite enough acres in relation to the size of the family? If so, there wasn't much left that would faze you by the time you got grown...



The Servis home in 1913.

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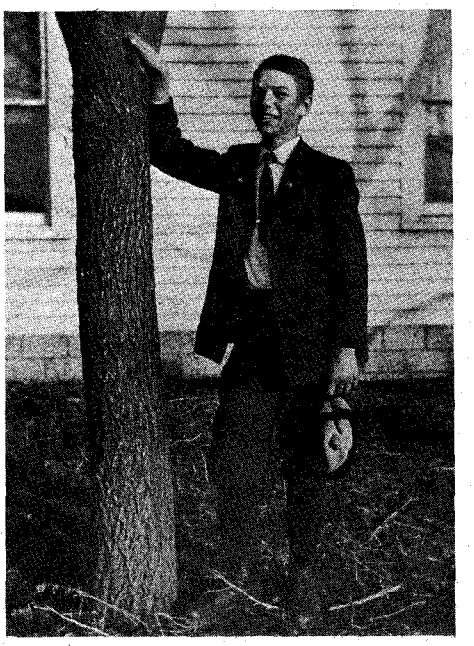
Left to right (sitting): William Sumner Servis, Lester William Servis, Jennie May (Kibbe) Servis. Standing: Orville Charles Servis, Mary Aurelia Servis (Westphal), and Donald Carman Servis.



Lester William Servis, Christmas, 1916.

Butchering was always a big day. Three or four neighbors would always trade help. The "help" would be paid in meat. By the end of the season everyone would be even. We smoke-cured hams and bacon. Other parts were salt-cured. Mother just packed the pieces in a barrel in table salt. All fat was rendered in a cast-iron tub for lard. In general, the pork lasted a full year. We never butchered a beef. I guess there was no good method of curing the meat.

Mother always had a lot of chickens. Her coal-oil brooder held 100 eggs. It sat in the front room of the house during the two or three hatching times. Surplus chickens and eggs were the cash crop for the table. Each week someone—and maybe *all* of us kids—would trek to Rock in Cowley County for supplies. Chickens, eggs, and cream would go with us to be sold. The cash received would always be more than Mother would need for coffee, vinegar, salt, sugar, flavorings, baking powder, and the like. And there was always enough money left over to buy us four kids some candy. Mother would also use some of the money to buy calico, denim, buttons, yarn, thread, needles, and other sewing supplies so she could keep us in clothes.

At left, Jennie May Kibbe married William Sumner Servis (below) on May 6, 1891.

MY main chores at home were taking care of the horses. In the morning before breakfast, it was I who fed them oats and hay, curried them, and harnessed them as needed for the day. I also shoveled out the manure and carried in clean bedding. Father milked the cows, separated the cream, and took care of the hogs. My sister looked after the chickens, and I, of course, told her how to do it every day!

We were almost self-sufficient for our machinery needs. Dad had a four-horse seven-foot swath grain binder, two three-horse plows, two one-row two-horse cultivators, three section harrows, one grain drill, one corn stalk cutter, a manure spreader, a single-horse buggy, and one two-seat surrey with fringe on top, except that we never used the top because it wiggled around too much. We also had a two-row corn planter. We could take care of everything except cutting the corn. This was not done often, anyway, as we turned the stock into the fields after the corn was shucked. We also had a horse-powered grinder for small grain, and a hand-powered corn sheller.

Our house was built in 1893. My folks were married May 6, 1891, and they first built the barn. It was their home until the house was completed sometime in 1893. Later, about 1913, Dad added one

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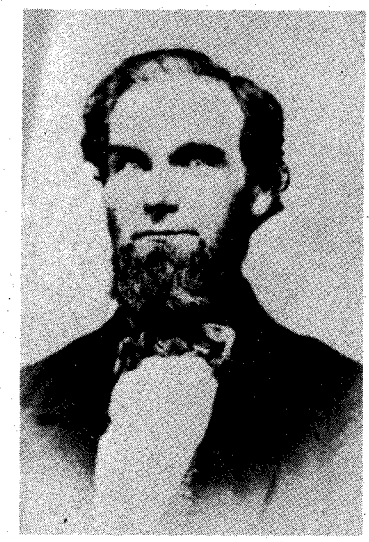
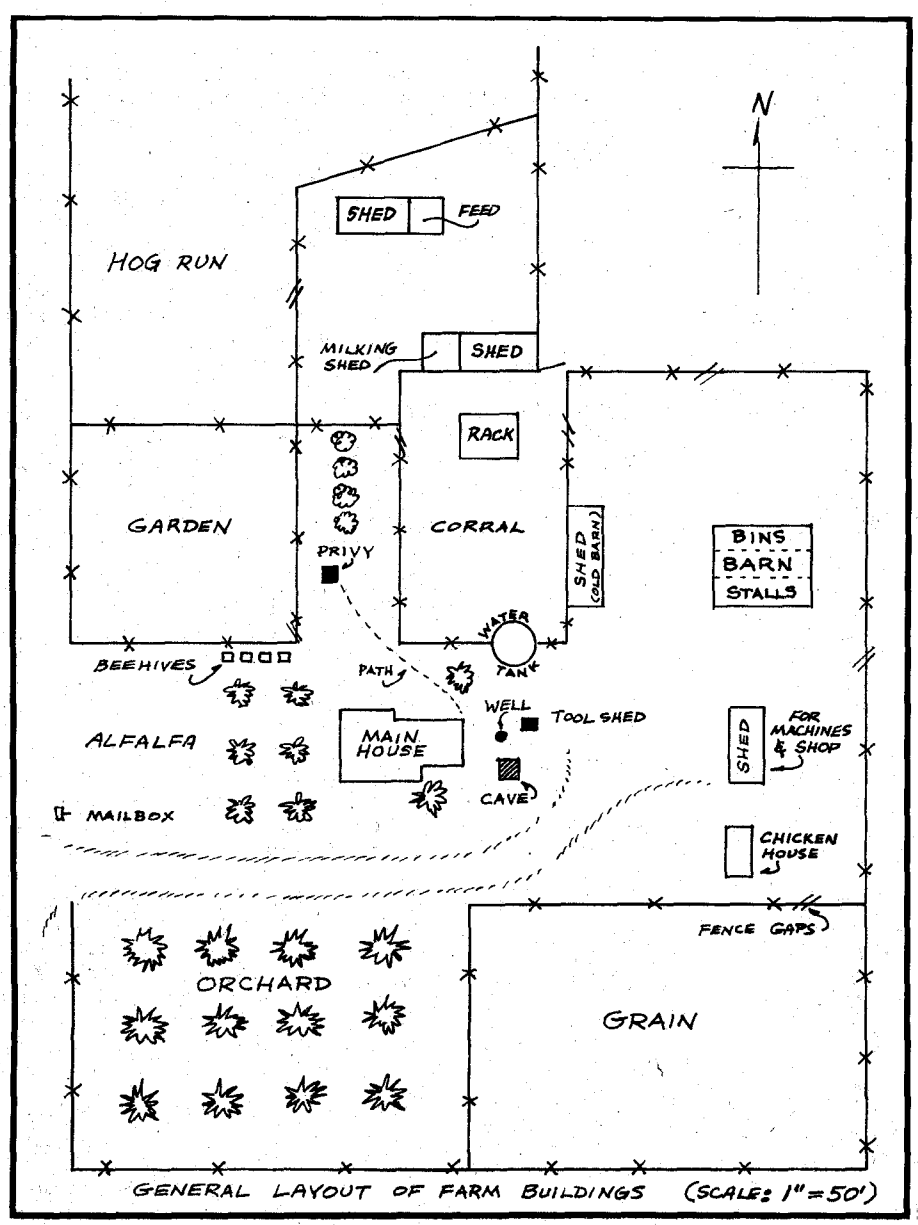
Nancy Ann Ford (Wheeler) Servis in 1860.



Charles Henry Servis

Diagram of the Servis farm.



room on the ground floor, and one room upstairs. That was the same year our new barn was built. The new barn was 32′ x 36′ and had four two-horse stalls, a 10′ drive-through, and four grain bins opposite the stalls. The full area overhead was used for hay storage. We put it up there by rope slings which were hoisted by horse power to an overhanging gable, then carried on a track inside, and the slings dumped. When the storage space was filled, which was usually around hay cutting time, the surplus was stacked in the fields, and brought in later during the winter months as needed.

Our house at first consisted of a kitchen, living room, parlor, one bedroom, pantry, and a small porch at the front, and an entry space in the back. For heat there was a big wood stove in the kitchen. It had a hot water reservoir which furnished most of the hot water required. It, plus a tea kettle, was ample. In the winter, a wood-heating stove was moved into the living room. There was no heat upstairs except what leaked up the stairway. For cooling in the summer, it was just open the windows or fan yourself with a palm-leaf fan.

For floor coverings there was linoleum on the kitchen floor, and woven rag rugs in the parlor and living room. The bedrooms had rugs made from strips of rags, either wool or cotton, and made on a loom in about 3′ widths. The edges were then sewn together for full coverings. Every spring we would take them up, hang them out on the clothesline—and beat the dirt, and the hell, out of them.

OUR WELL was a "dug" one, about 35′ deep, and walled up with loose rock to the top. Over it was a 30′ windmill. Everything was fine until the wind quit, then it was hand-pumping for the stock tank.

The cave we had was partly below ground level. It was about 6′ x 10′ inside and stayed an even cool temperature the year around. Besides providing storage for canned fruit, butter, cream, etc., it also doubled as a storm shelter.

We had kerosene lamps until about 1915, when Dad had an acetylene gas system installed. The house was then lighted with one light in each room, and a pipe was run to the barn for one light there. We also had a light installed in what we called the buggy shed. The generating tank was set in the ground and had to be recharged with one hundred pounds of carbide about every three months. This system was a real luxury for us.

Our school term was much the same as it is today. School began at nine in the morning since it took some time to get to the schoolhouse on foot or on horseback. We were let out before five in the afternoon, so we could be home in time to do the chores before the sun went down. In our one-room schoolhouse there were pupils in all grades, first through ninth. We studied reading, writing, arithmetic, Kansas history, geography, spelling, and grammar. The average age of pupils was two to three years older than it is now, so we had a lot of drop-outs after about the seventh grade, since the

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pupils were anywhere from seventeen to nineteen by then. Some girls quit to get married. To graduate, ninth grade pupils were required to take a "county exam" and pass it. The questions were prepared by the county superintendent in Winfield, which was the county seat of Cowley County. We took our exams in Rock.

Our schoolhouse was about 20′ x 40′ with four rows of double seat and desk combinations. Small ones were in front, and they got larger toward the back. There was a raised floor of about eight inches across the inside front. This is where the teacher had her desk. A small pump organ was on this "stage" also. A blackboard ran the full width of the front.

For a recitation period the teacher would say, for example, "Third grade reading, come to the front." The pupils would sit on the front row seats and read the assignments from the textbooks.

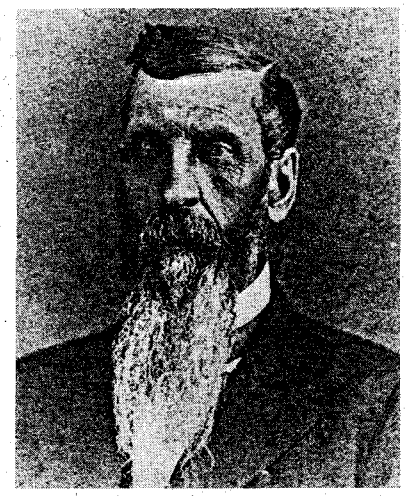
To cover all classes and subjects, there was a constant hubbub in the room. This noise with the usual whispering, paper-wad shooting, coughing, etc., made the place total bedlam.

A large coal stove in the center of the room provided heat but those who sat close, roasted; the others were cold. Most kids had runny noses and colds all the time.

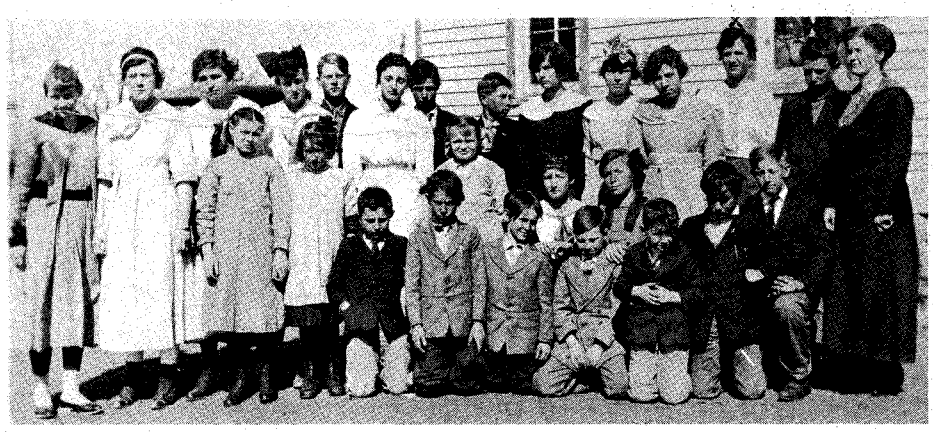
Recreation was rather limited. Baseball at noon, mostly. Recesses were for going to the privies.

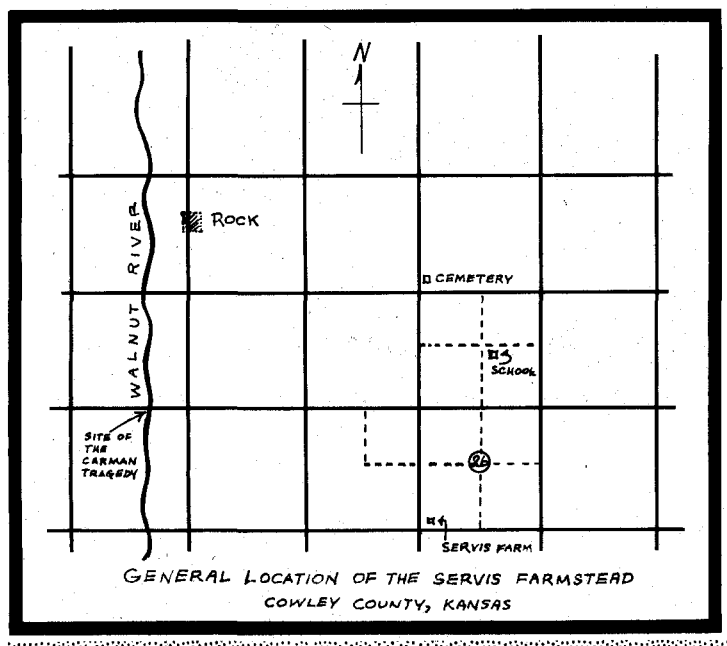
Anywhere from twenty to thirty kids attended the school. Most walked, but some of them, my sister and I included, would either ride a horse or drive a single buggy. We carried our lunches in half-gallon syrup pails.

(Continued on page 50)

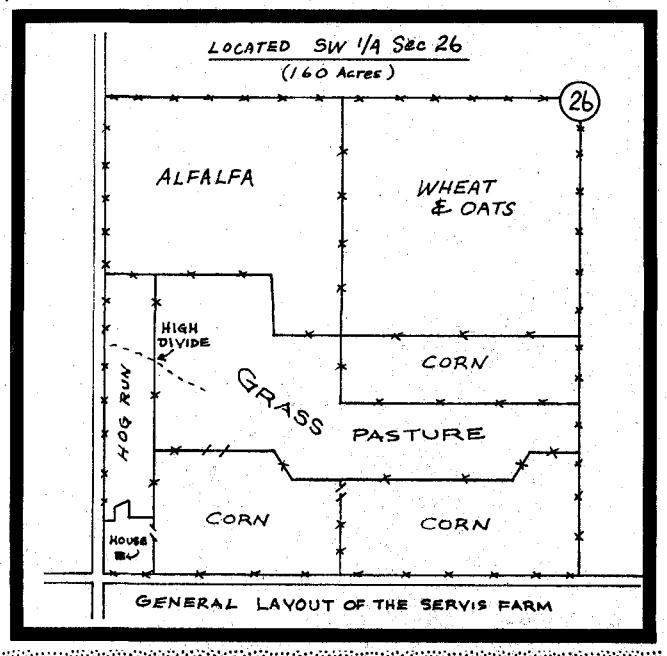


Above, Albert P. Carman (left)and wife Aurelia Estelle (Servis) Carman. Below, class photo of March 1917. From left to right in back row: Mattie Hahn, Eva Wilson, Ruth Falkingham, Shirley Wilson, Frank Wheeler, Esther Kinney, Elton Wheeler, Homer Kistler, Aleothea Pickering, Rachel Daniels, Eunice Daniels, Mary Servis, Lester William Servis. Center row: Violet Wheeler, Elsie Hahn, Roxy Wheeler. Front row: Ralph Falkingham, Mannie Pickering, Voicey Pickering, Margaret Wilson, Lester Daniels, Fay Pickering, Amos Hahn, Merle Phelps, Paul Hahn. And lastly, Opal McEwen, teacher.





GENERAL LOCATION OF THE SERVIS FARMSTEAD
COWLEY COUNTY, KANSAS



GENERAL LAYOUT OF THE SERVIS FARM

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WHEN THEY ROBBED

A survey of fourteen years of this

WELLS FARGO stagecoaches rolled through the West for half a century carrying valuables and special mail. Usually there were passengers too.

By the time of the Civil War the operations of this company were well known, so when a new form of literature came into existence, "The Dime Novel," it wasn't too many years before these yarns inevitably included stage robbing and train robbing. The richest victim had to be Wells Fargo, and we were on our way.

By 1903, almost forty years later, that great invention, "The Movies," had been pretty well launched, and one of the first, if not the very first movie to tell a story with a plot, was a feature with the unheard-of run of ten minutes entitled "The Great Train Robbery." Many an old-time actor did his stint in this line of entertainment—Wm. S. Hart, the Farnum Brothers, far too many to list. How many Wells-Fargo shipments those heroes protected! How many shipments the villains rifled! Just think how many of them that real outlaws were supposed to have robbed!

Black Bart alone was credited with twenty-eight, and on into this century the Wild Bunch, or various members thereof, were supposed to have still been sticking up trains. At least one of them tried it in 1912 near Sanderson, Texas, but this one did not live up to the gang's reputation. Ben Kilpatrick, alias The Tall Texan, got careless and a Wells Fargo Express Messenger named Trousdale busted his head (for keeps) with an ice-mallet that was in the baggage car.

After all of this, television came along, and a whole new generation of writers had to devise new adventures. However, one stock item remained—the Wells Fargo strongbox on the stage, with a shotgun guard riding with the stage-driver.

Illustration from **Faces of the Frontier** by Lorence B. Bjorklund, Dodd, Mead & Company, Publisher, New York

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WELLS FARGO

By FORD GREEN

stage line's struggle with highwaymen...

THERE IS hardly a county in the West that does not have a tale of buried treasure that came from a Wells Fargo robbery. The loot was always ditched by the hard-pressed robbers, who were later killed.

There are presently several lawsuits involving the Defense Department concerning the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico. One of the claimants describes seeing in a cave *numerous* strongboxes labeled Wells Fargo, along with *piles* of jewelry pilfered from the terrified and murdered passengers. This treasure is guarded by ten (or twenty) skeletons tied to the walls of the cave, as *dueños*, in true pirate tradition. This is not television fiction, but something mentioned by John Dean in the Watergate hearings.

As a treasure hunter I have always been plagued by looking up details. I read these things, and I just get to dreaming and wondering—just what were these Wells Fargo robberies like? How frequent were the robberies? Were there as many train hold-ups? How successful were the Wells Fargo Special Agents? How unlucky were the passengers? How cooperative were the civilian law enforcement officers? Were many robbers ever caught and prosecuted?

Even a hundred years ago businesses had to maintain records if they were to operate successfully. Most of the prime records of Wells Fargo were lost in the 1906 earthquake and fire in San Francisco, but the company had been meticulous in publishing various reports, and gradually the Wells Fargo History Room has collected duplicate papers and personnel records from every possible source. Old employes often had lists of agents, lists that were distributed like railroad time-tables to facilitate customers' correspondence. The name and address of each Wells Fargo agent were given. These are invaluable to researchers.

I think of one little folio that originally had five pages besides a heading page that was not numbered. The heartache is that pages two and three are missing, for the ones left are so full of information that one can only yearn for what must be on those other two pages. The report is by two of the ace manhunters of all time in the West: James B. Hume and John N. Thacker. The report was directed to John J. Valentine, vice-president and general manager of Wells Fargo in 1884, and covered the years from November 5, 1870 until December 19, 1884. This includes the Black Bart era, 1873-83, and should be fairly representative of the Wild West that fiction writers prefer, as well as revealing what actual Wells Fargo manhunting was like.

ALL robberies during these fourteen years caused Wells Fargo an outright loss of $415,312.55. Though the report does not mention the amount recovered, it must have been substantial.

These robberies consisted of 340 stage holdups and four of trains. When the number of robberies is divided into the total loss we get the magnificent average per robbery of $1,221.51.

There were thirty-eight attempts at robbery that produced no loss and four train holdups that were flops.

We see many reproductions of Wells Fargo posters—rewards and wanted. I wonder how much they really paid out in these rewards? For the fourteen years, the stated sum of $73,451.00, if averaged out over the whole time, would have been $5,246.65 per year. These figures include percentages paid for money recovered. They were not very liberal. As to the split between rewards and percentages for recovery, we shall have to only guess, and I'm not going to. Split over 240 successful convictions, the rewards average $306.04 each.

Security was another thing. An item "guards and special agents" (we can only guess that this item also included the famous "shotgun guards") amounted to $326,517.00 or $23,322.64 per year. When divided over the whole Wells Fargo system that is pretty thin for the results obtained.

The next expense item was not broken down, but surely must have had some interesting sidelights: $90,079.00 for expenses incidental to arrest and convictions of robbers. While the amount seems large, spread over fourteen years it was $6,434.21 per year. When you balance that figure against the conviction of 206 stage robbers and 20 train robbers and 14 burglars, it runs: $375.32 per conviction.

Attorneys' fees and legal expenses of prosecution amounted to $22,367.00. On a conviction basis that came to $93.19 for each of those closed cases. County attorneys surely must have done most of the work, or did they? The batting average of the special agents and the attorneys was pretty high!

The total losses and security expenses including prosecutions amounted to $927,726.55, and when split over fourteen years come to $66,266.18 annually.

There was another interesting statistic: Five stage robbers were killed outright in those good old shootouts so dear to the writers of Western scripts and novels. Added to these were eleven robbers who were killed in shootouts with pursuing officers and special agents. And if you include those whose cases were equally "permanently disposed of" by citizens (hanged) during those fourteen years, the total would be twenty-three. These don't appear in the expense statistics, however.

MONEY could not buy the loyalty of shotgun guards and others who bet their lives on each confrontation with robbers. Sometimes they drew, or shot with the shotgun or Winchester, in the face of "the drop." Not all of them won such a long gamble, but a surprising number of them did. Including burglaries there were 375 overt acts against Wells Fargo in these fourteen years, including attempts that did not succeed in obtaining any loot.

We do not have the figures on the compensation for casualties, but the thanks of Well Fargo was appreciated in those days, though today it might be considered very meager.

Killed were Andy Hall on August 20, 1882; and John H. Collins on August 10, 1883. Both were on the route from Florence to Globe, Arizona.

Guards wounded ran a little higher: James Miller, December 3, 1874—Eureka to Palisade, Nevada; Jimmy Brown, September 3, 1877—Eureka to Tybo, Nevada; William Blankenship, July 1879—Maricopa to Phoenix, Arizona; Mike Tovey, September 5, 1880—Bodie to Carson City, Nevada; George W. Hackett, July 13, 1882—Oroville to Laporte, California; A. Y. Ross, January 22, 1883—San Francisco to Ogden (Train).

The drivers who died: Billy Mann, April 27, 1873—Hamilton to Pioche, Nevada; Charlie Phelps, July 30, 1883—Corinne, Utah to Montana; Budd (Eli) Philpot, March 15, 1881—Tombstone to Benson, Arizona; Señor Romero, June 19, 1884—Railroad depot in Leone, Mexico.

These drivers were wounded: L. C. Woodworth, February 17, 1871—Petaluma to Cloverdale, California; Jerry Culverhouse, February 16, 1875—Shasta to Redding, California; George H. Smith, March 9, 1877—Anaheim to San Diego, California; Richard Richards, December 14, 1881—Tombstone to Benson, Arizona.

We do not know whether the following were caught in a cross-fire between guards and bandits, or whether they got foolishly brave and drew when they should have stayed still. Maybe they were killed by the bandits in pure cussedness.

Passengers killed: Henry P. Benton, February 17, 1871—Petaluma to Cloverdale California; John T. Lloyd, February 14, 1877—Mojave to Darwin, California; Oeter Roerig, March 15, 1881—Tombstone to Benson, Arizona; Dr. W. T. Vail,

(Continued on page 61)

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Wild Old Days!

CHARLES S. STOBIE—FRONTIER ARTIST

WHEN a Missouri River steamboat from St. Joe docked at Nebraska City on a spring morning in 1865, there walked ashore twenty-year-old Charles S. Stobie, who was destined to become one of the foremost "Indian" artists.

Baltimore-born, Stobie had attended the Maryland Institute and studied drawing and painting in Scotland, but in Nebraska City he hired out as a bullwhacker for $30 per month and grub. At Fort Kearny, famous Frank North invited Stobie to join him and his Pawnee Scouts, but Stobie continued on the dangerous journey westward to the mountains. Three skirmishes with hostile Indians occurred on the Platte River between Forts Kearny and Sedgwick, but the train arrived safely in Denver. News of Stobie's heroism on the journey preceded him, and he never lacked employment, friends, or money while in Colorado.

In "Charles S. Stobie: Artist of Colorado," *Colorado Magazine*, Summer 1974 (published by the State Historical Society of Colorado), author Michael A. Sievers wrote that Stobie never did want for employment, for he ably combined scouting and painting:

"The winter of 1865-66 he spent working as a scenic artist for Jack Langrishe's theatre troupe. Also during the winter months, he began to paint landscapes. One such painting, described by the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* as 'the most excellent and beautiful work in oil painting we have seen in this country,' was raffled off at Andy Stanbury's Tambien Saloon.

"During the spring or summer of 1866, Stobie crossed the Snowy Range by way of Berthoud Pass and lived with Nevava's band of Ute Indians. Adopted into the tribe and known as Paghaghet or Long Hair, he was a member of a Ute war party that took seven scalps with a band of Cheyenne and Arapaho in Middle Park near Grand Lake. It was during this time that Stobie, rugged yet sensitive, began to paint in earnest. . . . Artistically and ethnologically, his works vary widely [yet] his attention to detail in the case of Indian dress and village life remains a valuable record."

Portrait of Sioux Chief Sitting Bull, by C. S. Stobie.

Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society

THE rugged life on the frontier altered Stobie's appearance, and he became known as "Mountain Charlie" among the whites. Stobie wrote: "I wore my hair very long. We wore our hair long as a protection from wind, sun and rain, and not to be odd, as some thought. When riding horseback our hair would shake and flaunt in the wind and in summer served as a fan to keep us cool, while in the winter it protected the head and neck from the cold."

Stobie hunted buffalo on the eastern plains of Colorado in the 1870s, but his painting of Buffalo Bill's hunting expedition did not satisfy his old friend Cody. Cody criticized the way Stobie painted the Indians, the horses, and himself.

Charlie S. Stobie—artist, scout, buffalo hunter, and poet—left Colorado in 1875, and painted mainly at his Chicago studio until his death in 1931. His collection of Indian and early western historical relics was given to the Colorado State Historical Society. Included in the Stobie gift were thirty-two oil paintings. Other canvases are owned by collectors and museums throughout the United States.

The Nebraska State Historical Society has four oil portraits painted by Stobie in 1891. The portraits (from the D. Charles Bristol Collection) are of Sioux Chiefs Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face,

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Gall, and one of D. Charles "Omaha Charlie" Bristol. Bristol came to Nebraska in 1867 at the age of thirty-three. Married to a Winnebago, he spent most of his life as an Indian trader. He was probably nicknamed Omaha Charlie because of his close association with the Omaha Indians.

—Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.

COURTESY OF A GENEROUS INDIAN

By Albert Enzmann

AS my Minnesota homestead was too far from a store or settlement, I had Herman Schreiber locate me another, which was only two miles from a railroad survey. It was on a Friday the 13th in June 1905.

We posted notices on the four corners, put up two rounds of logs for a cabin, started a clearing and planted some potatoes, but the mosquitoes were just too bad. The following day we decided to go back to International Falls.

On September 25 I returned to my homestead to complete the cabin. A temporary lean-to shelter was built first, using birchbark for the roof. We had snow on September 26, but it lasted only three days, then we had the finest weather one could wish until November 3.

The second snowstorm measured six inches. All through October the snowshoe rabbits had turned white, and so had the weasels. I was certainly surprised at the number of both. I was sorry that I hadn't bought some steel traps in International Falls, but I went ahead and constructed three deadfalls and when the second snow came I was ready to trap weasel. My only experience in that line had been watching Frenchy, the cook, catching a skunk who had invaded our tent camp and tried to drive us out.

Ed Eck, the man who bought the author's choice mink.

Courtesy Author

The second surprise I had was on November 7 when Ed Eck, a fur buyer from International Falls came to my cabin with a dog team and bought my weasel skins. He also brought along a few steel traps, thus enabling me to become self-supporting on that homestead. I bought one #1½ and two #1 steel traps from Ed Eck and set them all for weasel.

The first time I went to check my traps I found a bunch of partridge feathers instead of the trap. While I wore Indian moccasins, I saw plainly another track that was larger than mine following my track from my cabin. And that man's right foot must have been crippled, as the track showed his toes turned in.

After studying those feathers for a few minutes I decided that they were put there by a human hand. I took a bunch of balsam boughs and swept off the feathers, revealing the pan of a steel trap. I hastily replaced the feathers. Then I noticed a piece of partridge meat placed as bait in a hollow log, so the animal had to step on the pan of the trap to trip it. Some expert trapper must have reset my trap, but why would he be so willing to teach a greenhorn to become a competitor?

While I was thinking of a reason for the stranger's action I looked up into the top of a birch tree. There I saw a bunch of red cedar boughs that I hadn't noticed before. I took them down, and inside of that bunch of boughs I found the largest and darkest black mink I ever saw in my life.

A French-Canadian trapper named Frank Furnier was living on the Hammans' homestead, which was only two miles from my place and only one mile from where I found that mink. I took the mink along, of course, not only as evidence but because I did not trust myself to do a good job of skinning.

From Frank I learned that the person who stopped to give me my first lesson at trapping was an Ojibway Indian (Chippewa). Frank was born and raised near an Indian reservation in Wisconsin and what he did not know in Ojibway, he made up for in sign language.

Frank Furnier told me that "Crooked Foot," as he called him, was born that way and that he had worked that trap line for seventeen years. He had started it as a boy of sixteen. Frank said if I had set my trap right, the mink would have been alive. And if it had been alive, it would not have been frozen, and the Indian would have probably skinned it for me. He would have hated such a pretty fur spoiled by a greenhorn during the skinning operations.

"That is what I thought; that is the reason that I brought the mink along," I said.

I offered Frank a dollar to skin the mink, which he refused. Crooked Foot had told Frank that he had found the mink dead and frozen in the trap and that he had taken it out and reset the trap so that the next animal would be caught by the foot and not by the head. Then he hung the mink on a birch tree high enough that wolves and coyotes couldn't reach it. Crooked Foot tied a bunch of cedar boughs around it, using spruce roots for cords, so wildcats and lynx could not smell the mink, and owls and hawks could not see it.

I told Frank if he ever saw Crooked Foot again, to tell him that I wanted very much to see him. But Frank said that they never expected to meet again because the Indian had already made up his mind to apply for a trapping license in Canada, as the Ojibways reserved the right to trap on both sides of the border.

I would have liked to thank the man who helped me when it was not to his advantage to do so but neither Furnier nor I ever saw him again.

THE HOUSE IN MONCUS CANYON

By C. Ray Boston

COWBOYS who worked this ranch in the caprock country of New Mexico slept in a bunkhouse 200 feet in the air, but still were about 60 feet below ground level. Standing by the window, you could look out and watch the snow drift up past you on its way toward the roof. The wind never struck this house, but the roar of it all around sounded like rushing water. It was certainly a different sort of ranch house, but for the family who built it, it was only the last of several unique houses they built as homes.

In 1902 J. W. Moncus and his young wife Isabell, along with her brother, Claude Carter, loaded their wagon with everything they could carry, took their baby boy, Herman, and left their home in Foard County, Texas for the caprock country of New Mexico. It wasn't a simple move. Those wide grassy plains and protected canyons were sheep country at that time. The sheepmen held no more love for the cattle J. W. was bringing into their grazing lands than many a cowman held for the vast herds of sheep that ate the grass down to the roots.

The family's move resulted in several gunfights over grazing rights, and for a few years J. W. and his brother-in-law more or less had their hands full. In the meantime the family had to have a home. There was very little water in this wide dry country, and with this in mind, they chose a deep branch canyon containing the cave that Black Jack Ketchum had used for his hideout until he was hanged in Clayton a few years before J. W. and Isabell left Texas. Below in the cave, in the bottom of the canyon, was a clear, sweet spring which emptied into a pool surrounded by vegetation. It was here, beside the spring, with the bluffs towering above them, that J. W. and Claude built the family's first home.

Using simple pickets, they erected two houses in the bottom of the canyon, one on each side of the spring. One house held the kitchen and living quarters, and the other contained the bedrooms. To go to bed at night you had to leave the cozy warmth of the kitchen and pick your way across the yard and around the spring to the bunkhouse on the other side.

This part of the canyon wasn't very wide, and after several years of living

(Continued on page 54)

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EARLY DAYS ON

DAN WAGGONER and his boy, Tom, were *the* big cowmen in the Wichita country in the 1880s. They had cattle all over this area of Texas, and north of Red River in the Comanche Nation. The Comanche reservation was fine grazing country and covered a large section of southwestern Oklahoma.

A group of men from down around Kerrville, Texas formed a company for the purpose of pasturing steers on the Comanche reservation and went up there and made a deal with the head men, even going so far as to pay them the pasturage money. Unfortunately, the head men kept all of the money and didn't give the rest of the Indians a dime.

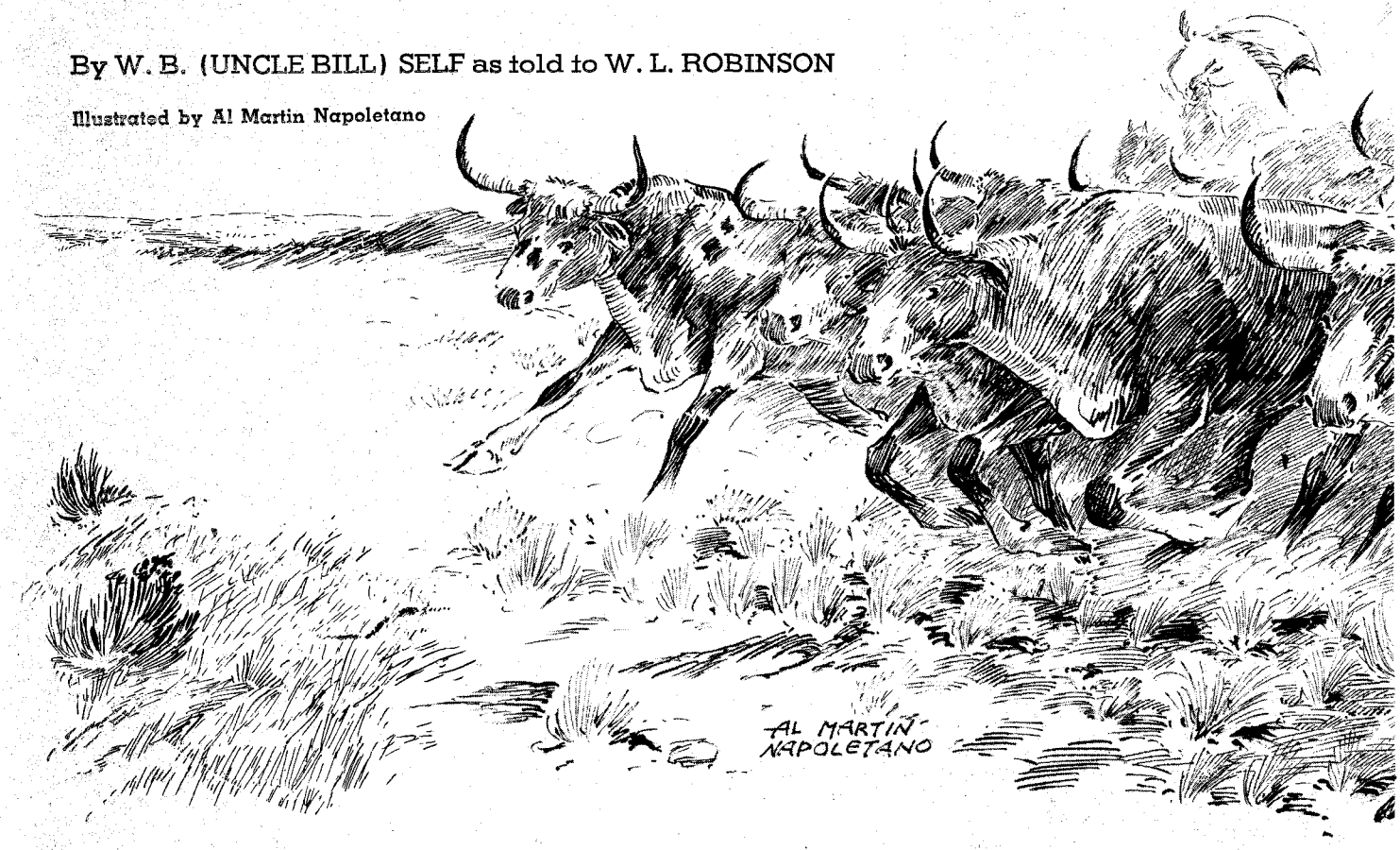
The Kerrville men gathered about 15,000 steers and moved them up on the reservation and turned them loose. They left a fellow named Holsteen in charge, but he more or less depended on the Indians to look after the cattle for him.

The rank and file of the Comanches didn't like it because they didn't get any of the pasturage money, and when the Kerrville men started to gather their steers the following year, they found only about 1200 head. Those Indians had run off several hundred head at a time and sold them cheap to shady operators back in the hills. Captain Charles Schreiner had a stake in that company. It broke some of the small ranchers who sent cattle up there, but Schreiner was strong enough to stand his loss. The men from Kerrville, of course, didn't send any more steers up to the reservation.

As soon as the Waggoners and Burk Burnett and Quanah Parker buried the hatchet—out there in the "Big Pasture"—a cowboy could get down to work without looking over his shoulder all the time

By W. B. (UNCLE BILL) SELF as told to W. L. ROBINSON

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



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THE WICHITA

The Waggoners and Burk Burnett and the Suggs brothers knew how to get along with Indians and were quite successful in what was known as the "Big Pasture Country." Men working for the Waggoners also understood Indians. Shinery McElroy, who was captured in Wise County by the Comanches when he was a little boy and lived with them for several years until he was ransomed at Fort Sill in the 1870s, was a Waggoner employe. He could talk their language and act as interpreter.

W. H. Portwood, who was a shrewd trader and well-liked by the Indians, was a Waggoner man; and Jimmie Roberts was their fighting man who took care of cow thieves in a very efficient manner. The Waggoners established line camps and kept men in the camps to look after their interests. They also worked out an agreement where all the Indians got their part of any pasturage money.

Indians could kill a beef any time they wanted one, but they were supposed to pay for it. The Waggoner line-camp men were given instructions to watch for hunting parties or any group of Indians roaming around over the reservation, and to go with the Indians and keep a record of the cattle that were killed. This was presented to the agent at settlement time. The Indians liked this arrangement and, as Quanah Parker and the other head men were kept happy, everybody got along fine.

Waggoner and Burnett and, I guess, Suggs helped pay for a nice home for Quanah up there on the reservation, and they would bring Quanah and his friends down to Fort Worth and entertain them. On one trip down to Fort Worth Quanah and one of his friends blew out the gas light in their hotel room in place of turning it out and the next morning Quanah's friend was dead and Quanah was almost gone, but they managed to bring Quanah around. When he got back to the reservation and tried to explain

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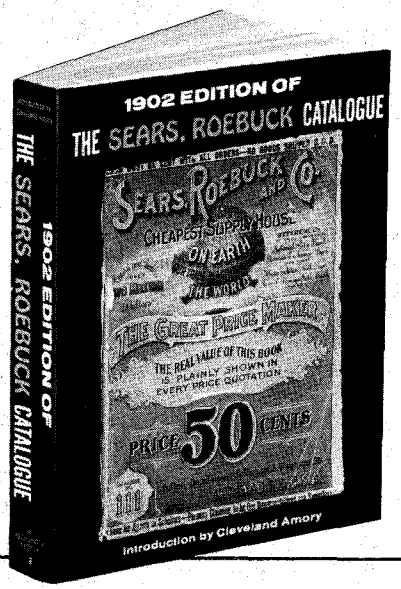

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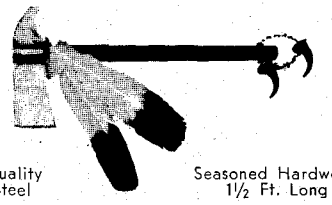

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how bad air had killed his friend, the Indians wouldn't believe it and were getting out of hand. They had never heard of bad air. Then someone down at Fort Worth got some bottles of ammonia and took up there to the reservation and opened the bottles and let the Indians take a big sniff. That seemed to satisfy them. That helped explain bad air to them.

THE Waggoners also agreed to work a few Indians in their cow camps. I worked with their wagon when they came down in the Wichita country and they would have at least two Comanche Indians working with them. Some of them were pretty good cowboys. One year there was a big fat Indian and a little scrawny Indian with their wagon. The little man was a good hand, but the big fat one was just plain lazy. Before long he wouldn't even get up and come stand his turn at night guard. The two Indians were supposed to relieve Joe Carr and me around three o'clock in the morning. The little Indian would always be on time but when we got to camp there that big fat Indian would be, still sleeping.

We soon realized that the big Indian was imposing on the little one. He would make the little man get up and go on guard and he would stay in bed. One dark night Joe and I rode into camp after the little Indian had come to the herd and relieved us, and as usual that big Indian was lying in his bed sound asleep. The campfire still gave enough light that we could tell both of his feet were out from under his blanket. I was still on my horse and I pitched my rope to Joe and told him to slip the rope over the Indian's feet and I would see if I could wake him up. Joe eased the rope on his feet and I dallied my rope around my saddle horn and drug that Indian about fifty yards out in the dark. When he got the rope off his feet I just kept riding. I don't know whether he ever knew who woke him up or not, but from then on he would always get up and come on guard with the little Indian.

In the spring of 1883 Bood Brooking, Albert Tyson and I were in the old Q T. Saloon in Seymour one night. We had been down as far south as Elm Creek in Throckmorton County working with other outfits and picking up cattle from the Wichita country that had drifted down there. We were bringing them back home. We were sitting around in the saloon visiting and catching up on our drinking a little bit, and Bood Brooking was standing at the bar talking to Bud Montgomery, the bartender, when three men walked in. They were with a trail herd from South Texas that was camped about two miles east of town.

The man who seemed to be the leader didn't seem to notice anything until he got to the bar and Bood turned around facing him. They were both carrying six-shooters. The man ordered whiskey. Bud Montgomery served him his drink and all this time the man and Bood had not said a word but were just standing and watching one another. The man downed his drink and said, "Bood, come out in the street and we will settle up," and Bood said, "When you think I won't, you are a damn fool," and they started for the door.

Albert Tyson and I and some other men got in front of Bood and held him back while the two men with the other fellow kept him walking right on out the door. After a little while they got on their horses and left town. Bood never mentioned that incident afterward, and I never knew who the man was. I supposed it was some of that old South Texas trouble.

ONE of the best men I ever knew was an old chuckwagon cook named Joe McCrea. In the 1880s Joe was about sixty years old and was a veteran of the Mexican War and the Civil War. He was too old to ride a horse anymore but he was still a good cook. He always had plenty of beef and the trimmings and could make the best wild plum cobblers I ever ate.

All of us liked Joe; we would drag up wood with our ropes and wash the dishes for him and help him any way we could. But one time Joe got real mad at me. We were branding calves one afternoon and the boss told me to lope up to the chuckwagon and get an axe he needed for some reason.

When I got within thirty or forty yards of the wagon I saw Joe lying under the wagon asleep, and about two feet from his head a big rattlesnake had crawled into the shade of the wagon and coiled up. I stopped my horse and looked the situation over. I had a six-shooter, but I couldn't shoot the thing well enough to shoot the snake's head off, and I knew if I disturbed him he would bite Joe. I got off my horse real easy and pulled my spurs off and crawled up to where I could get Joe by one foot.

When I got all set, I jerked Joe as far out from the snake as I could. Well, that was quite an awakening for Joe. I guess he thought I was being smart, because the only reason he didn't whip me was that he couldn't catch me. He ran me around and cussed me and threw a few rocks at me before settling down to where I could talk to him. When I told him about the snake, he wouldn't believe me. Finally I got him to go with me back to the wagon and, as luck would have it, the snake was still coiled in the same place. Joe looked at the snake awhile and then at me. He didn't say a word, but he climbed up in the chuckwagon and rummaged around and came out with nearly a full quart of whiskey and said, "I think I owe you a drink." We had several. Joe finally married a widow woman over around Vernon, Texas that had some property and lived there until he died about 1900.

WHEN the trail herds from southern Texas were coming through this country they would lose a few cattle every once in a while due to a stampede or other causes, and some of them would get up the Wichita River into the Rustler's Bend and Bull Turner pasture country, which was rough cedar brakes. Some of those stray steers stayed in there until they died of old age. Years later we would find their skeletons. They were

(Continued on page 62)

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THE CASE OF THE PARANOID GUNSMITH

By JOHN WALLACE
Photo Courtesy Author

What makes a man hide out for fifty years in a shored-up mountain crevice? Real enemies? Imagined enemies? What a price to pay to die a natural death!

FRANCIS BRAHLER was stranded. The husky master sergeant from Peterson Field, on a hunting trip high up in rugged mountains forty-five miles west of Colorado Springs, Colorado, had lost sight of his companion and their camp. Quickly he decided to scale a tall pine and from there scrambled over onto an adjacent rocky ledge for a better view. Then, seeking a safe descent from the summit, Brahler slowly began climbing down the far side of the remote mountain. Suddenly the soldier froze.

Inching down a steep rock slope he had chanced to glance up into a deep crevice along the right side of the ledge. His gaze locked onto something unnatural: a man-made window lodged upright in a wooden frame built into the crevice. Brahler cautiously maneuvered over to the window and found that the glass would slide to one side. Peering in, what he saw made him catch his breath. Someone apparently had converted the single chamber of a hidden cave about twenty-five feet deep by five feet wide into a snug, one-room shelter. Pots and pans hung from beams along the rocky ceiling, and built-in shelves and other racks lined the walls. When his eyes had adjusted to the dim interior, the sergeant

(Continued on next page)

The skeleton of Gottlieb Fluhmann, a lonely gunsmith who mysteriously disappeared from his Park County, Colorado ranch in 1892, was accidentally discovered in November 1944 along with many of his prized possessions in a remote cave high up in the mountains overlooking his land. In the 1944 photo below, the late Everett Bair, Park County historian of Fairplay, holds Fluhmann's skull and a leg bone. Dan W. Denny, who knew the hermit, holds a pair of gold-inlaid double-barrel flintlocks, while Sylvester Law, then sheriff of Park County, holds Fluhmann's rifle with its bullet--shattered stock. In the foreground are other articles from the cave, including a surveyor's transit which Fluhmann probably used as a telescope; the building in the background is Fluhmann's ranch cabin, still standing in 1944.

Courtesy Colorado College Library, Colorado Springs

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began to examine the litter strewn about the wooden floor. Near the center of the cave his eyes fell upon a human skull.

The day was November 1, 1944. Unwittingly, Francis Brahler had accidentally stumbled upon the last home of Gottlieb Fluhmann, a man missing from the local area for fifty-two years. As it turned out, Brahler's discovery served only to heighten the mystery surrounding the rancher-turned-hermit because in the next few days men investigating Fluhmann's bleak cave would find it impossible to determine the cause of his death.

Gottlieb Fluhmann, a five-foot, four-inch German gunsmith, is thought to have arrived in Park County, Colorado sometime in the late 1870s. He purchased a herd of red polled cattle which he ran in a secluded valley not far from Lake George on land he had leased from the state. He built a tight log cabin and several out-buildings, and spent most of his time riding his land and watching over his cattle, a rifle strapped to his saddle and a .45 under his jacket.

Prone to be a loner, Fluhmann abruptly disappeared from his usual haunts in the fall of 1892. Several men who had known him said he had had trouble with other cattlemen, was of flighty temperament and was obsessed by a suspicion that someone was periodically stealing his cattle. Someone else recalled that Fluhmann had had several arguments with a Benjamin Ratcliff who, according to records at Colorado State Penitentiary, was executed February 7, 1896 for the murder of three Park County School Board members.

Not long after Fluhmann's disappearance his cattle were auctioned at Harrington Ranch to Sam Hartsel, Sol Thompson, and John Beyer, and his land to Will Evans. Henry Kribble, executor of Fluhmann's estate, received $900 from the auction proceeds to satisfy a debt owed him by Fluhmann. Then, for half a century, Gottlieb Fluhmann was forgotten. Apparently no one ever suspected that the man, driven perhaps by fear of a killer whom he undoubtedly knew, was still alive high up in the mountains in the same county; that he had suddenly packed up his possessions, deserted his cabin, and fled to the craggy hideout, perhaps where he might better watch over his land and cattle and cover the approach of whoever he thought would be hunting him.

FOLLOWING the discovery of Fluhmann's cave, Brahler notified a Pike National Forest Ranger stationed at Lake George who then summoned Park County Sheriff Sylvester Law from Fairplay. In cleaning out the shelter the men discovered hanging from one ceiling beam a mammoth dishpan in which were letters, expensive smoking pipes, a .45 caliber pistol, a surveyor's transit and other items. The transit, manufactured by Gurley and Company of Troy, New York, was in perfect working condition. On the floor under the dishpan lay two gold-inlaid double-barrel flintlocks.

Near Fluhmann's remains sat his kerosene lamp and a bottle of fuel which would still burn after more than fifty years. Ammunition and a device for reloading empty shells were in the cave along with expensive woodworking tools, including a fancy spirit level and a plane for smoothing wood. Several small traps were at the entrance, set as a measure against mountain rats.

The investigators also came across what appeared to be the skull of a dog, possibly Fluhmann's pet. Letters found among the debris included one from a nephew, John Fluhmann, who reported he was working as a railroad sectionhand for $35 a month as "a stepping stone to success." A niece, Alice Fluhmann of St. Louis, had sent a poem eulogizing her uncle and the mountains and inquiring why he did not answer her. These were dated 1871.

Other documents included a contract indicating that Fluhmann had relinquished half-ownership in a mining property, and a circular from a land agency in the Snake River country of Idaho announcing property available at $1.25 an acre to the government and 35 cents to the agency. The State of Colorado had sent him a second notice that payment of $16 on state-leased land was overdue and the state was reclaiming it. A note from a pharmaceutical company in Troy, New York expressed hope that the firm's product would "cure his troubles."

The German legation in St. Louis also had written him; this and other letters in German gave a clue to his nationality. And a Swiss passport dated in the early 1860s gave his age as twenty-one when issued. Also uncovered in the cave were a Dutch oven, several wine bottles, shoes, additional mining partnership papers and other documents, a brown jug, a two-gallon crock and a thermometer made by W. H. Schieffelin and Company.

Details of Gottlieb Fluhmann's last days and how he died probably will remain a secret forever. Speculation that he may have been murdered arose with the discovery near his skeleton of his 1886 model .38 caliber Marlin. The stock of the rifle revealed a hole made by a bullet which had entered high on one side of the stock and plowed across and down through the wood at about a forty-five-degree angle. According to Sheriff Law a right-handed man holding the gun in readiness or at his shoulder to fire would have been killed.

Dan W. Denney, a long-time resident of Lake George County, claimed however that he had talked to men who had seen Fluhmann carrying the rifle with the damaged stock before he disappeared. Other residents of the area pointed out that Fluhmann was an excellent gunsmith and that he would have repaired the stock. Examination of the well-preserved wood, though, showed that no attempt had been made to dress the hole. A live shell in the magazine was clearly visible and contained black powder but no one could determine whether the shell in the badly rusted chamber had been fired, although the hammer was down and the cocking lever was in position for firing.

The hazardous approach from the opposite side of the mountain and the steep climb up to the front of the cave must

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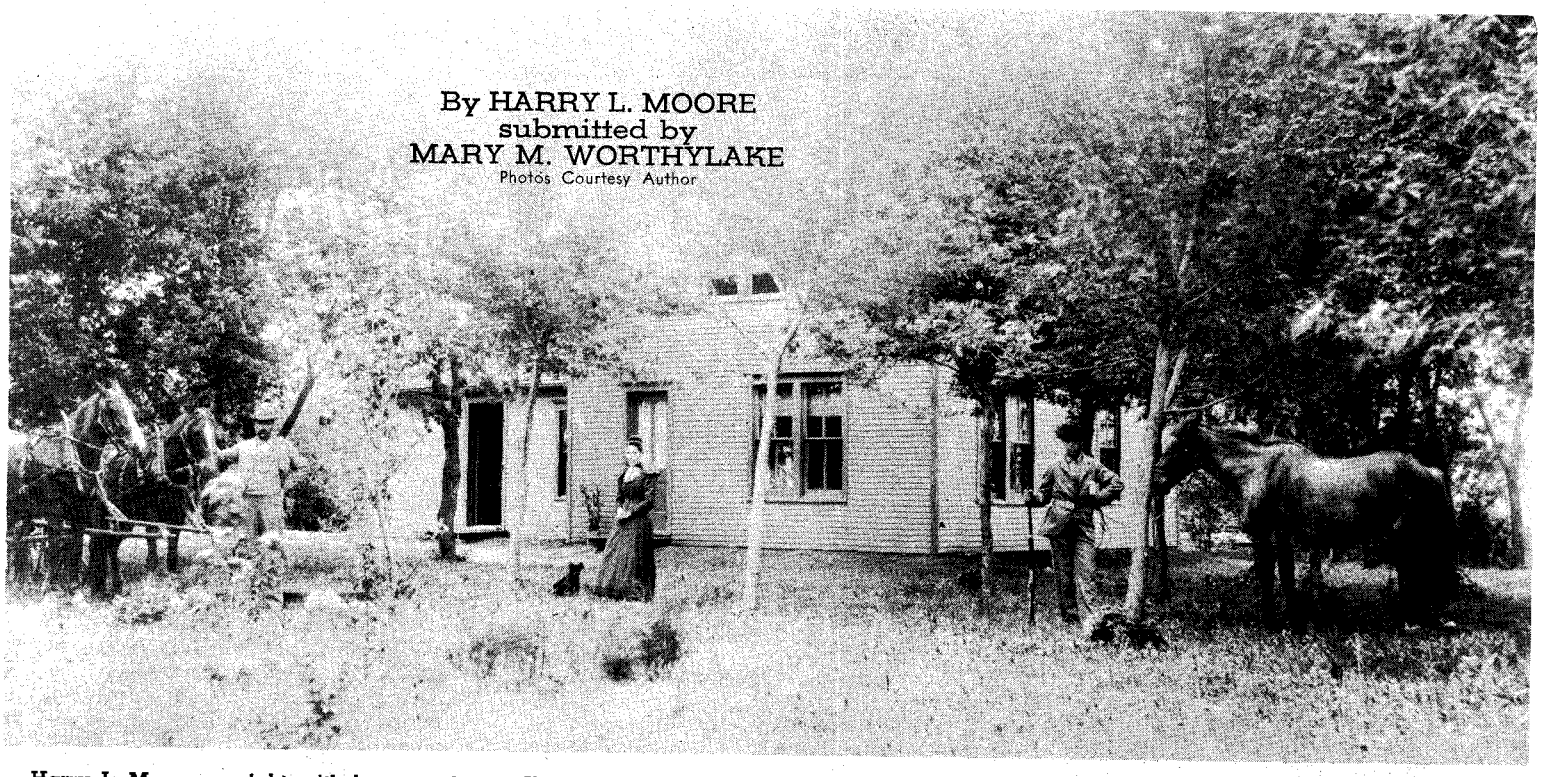
By HARRY L. MOORE
submitted by
MARY M. WORTHYLAKE
Photos Courtesy Author



Harry L. Moore on right with horse and gun. His brother Frank holding team of horses at left. Mrs. Frank Moore in center. Taken near Vermillion, South Dakota in 1893.

A MASTER WOLFER

Brewer was also a master braggart — and the fact that he was as good as he said he was just made it a hundred times worse!

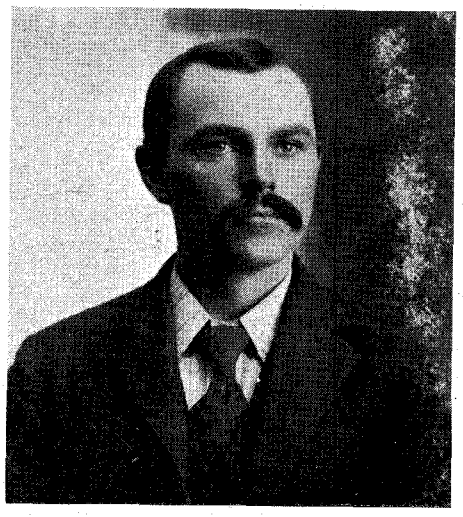
Explanatory note: I found this manuscript among my father's papers. Except for typing, it is as he wrote it. My father, Harry L. Moore, was born in 1876 and grew up in South Dakota.—Mary M. Worthylake.

ON a summer day, back in the 1890s, I made my first acquaintance with the Master Wolfer. I was then a small rancher in western South Dakota, and on this day I was raking hay in what is known as the brakes of Sulphur Creek. Down in the deep gullies the grass grew rank and heavy, owing to the fact that few cattle ranged there during the summer as the water wasn't good.

I was driving along serenely when suddenly the air was split with a mighty roar. Looking up to the high bluff on my left I saw a powerful black horse coming at breakneck speed, a huge wild-looking man on his back. Only a few jumps ahead was a big grey wolf. The man had a six-shooter in his right hand and the bridle reins in the other. At almost every jump of the horse the rider let out one of those bloodcurdling yells.

The wolf was so nearly scared crazy that he didn't see the hay rake until he almost ran into a wheel. The big black gained speed on the level and came alongside. That big forty-five spoke just once and the wolf's stock-killing days were over.

Harry L. Moore



The wolfer dismounted, pulled out a big sheath knife, and removed the scalp from the dead wolf. Then he apparently saw me for the first time as I sat agog at the display of horsemanship and shooting I had just witnessed.

"How are you, Son?" The man came over and greeted me with a friendly smile.

"You surely must be a rough rider to come down that bluff at that speed," I answered.

"Oh, that's nothing, to be a wolfer a man must ride where the wolf runs. You don't mean to tell me you haven't heard of Brewer, the Wolfer?"

"Yes, I've surely heard of you, but I've never met you before."

That started an acquaintance which was quite an experience for me. I was just a young fellow, a sort of pilgrim in the cattle country having just come in the fall before with a small bunch of dogies.

(Continued on next page)

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I learned that Brewer was the wolf hunter for the H O range—the range we were on. This was an area about fifty square miles north of the Cheyenne River, controlled by Jene Holcomb of Rapid City. Holcomb ran at that time about fifty thousand head of cattle and, of course, lots of horses. His roundup wagons worked this piece of country through the summers and he always kept twenty or more cowboys with his home outfit. He sent reps with all the other outfits in the state and also farther north, as it was all free range country and cattle ranged far.

Wolves were bad and the stock associations had all agreed to have professional wolf hunters hired to destroy the brutes. Brewer had ridden for Holcomb a number of years and was well acquainted with the country, an essential to success. Holcomb hired him by the year at good wages and furnished him horses to ride. Small ranchers were anxious to help maintain a wolf hunter too, and helped in furnishing saddle horses and giving him bed and board whenever he was near their home area. He also received a bounty from the state for scalps and what prime furs he took during the winter were also valuable, so all in all he was making good money.

THE WAY this big handsome fellow liked to show his prosperity was to doll up in the most expensive outfit, from his Stetson down to fifty-dollar boots and silver spurs. His sixty-pound saddle was the best money could buy, and all of us poor hard-working fellows envied him.

He was a good fellow but his loud mouth didn't always make him friends. He was not only the "Master Wolfer" but he was also a master liar or braggart. He would sit by the campfire of an evening and spin yarns to some innocent listener like myself, and of course the Master Wolfer was always the hero.

This tendency to brag often got him into tight spots, for a cattleman hates a blowhard. A man among them must make good or take the consequences. If one says he is a bronc peeler he will be called on to ride the bad ones. If he claims to be a fighter he has to fight or get licked. If he is a lady killer, he must make good at the dances or be booted out in the cold.

Brewer was a bragger, but he was quite modest about claiming to be a bronco buster and you couldn't get him to top a bad horse if he knew it. Yet, for all his boasting he could deliver the goods when he had to.

Ranchers all over the range liked to get a joke on him. They got together to hatch up schemes to humiliate him, but more times than not Brewer came out on top.

A neighbor of mine, a big Irishman named Joe Timmons, had a ranch about ten miles away, a gathering place when we had spare time. Something was always going on there, extra branding to do, or a young bronc to bust, with maybe a dance in the evening. Mrs. Timmons was a swell cook and she loved to entertain. And Joe was an inveterate joker,

"Maw, give me that cedar post — we're fixin' to have whipped cream!"

always trying to play some trick on an innocent pilgrim.

In late winter or very early spring the ranchers gathered in their bunch of saddle horses and also the young horses which needed to be broken and ready for summer's riding. If Timmons had new ones to break he hired a good rider to gentle them for him. One spring he hired a fellow named Billy White, as he had a number of young horses.

There was a big brown with a white stripe on his nose that was especially bad. In fact, he looked so bad Billy left him for the last. Well, that horse lived up to Billy's expectations and tried all the tricks in the book. Billy was a real rider and he stuck on, but when he got that horse back in the corral he told Timmons to stay away from him entirely.

"Don't even rope him. I think he's a man-killer. Better sell him to some rodeo outfit that is looking for outlaw horses."

Timmons didn't sell the horse to a rodeo; he had a better scheme than that. It transpired that I was present when this scheme materialized. The roundup was in our neighborhood and all of us little ranchers were there to get what stray stock belonged to us. Brewer was there, too, quite a picture on the best horse and in the finest garb of anyone in the outfit.

Finally Timmons sauntered up and casually asked if Brewer needed any more horses for the summer. Of course Brewer said he was always glad to get a good horse but he needed the best because he had a heavy load to pack.

"I weigh two hundred pounds myself. My saddle is sixty, and I pack half a dozen big wolf traps together with my medicine, guns, axe and so on. It takes a good horse to carry me all day long, and maybe run a wolf or two besides."

"I've got what I think will make a dandy wolf horse," Timmons said. "He's big and strong and has plenty of bottom, lots of speed, and is a good-looker, too."

"Is he gentle?" Brewer asked.

"Well, he hasn't been ridden much. Billy White rode all my horses this spring and said this brown would make a top horse." He didn't say that Billy had meant a top horse for a rodeo.

Brewer fell for the trap and said he'd be up the next Sunday to get the brown.

WORD was quietly spread around and we were on hand to see the big blowhard take a fall. We corralled the brown horse with a number of gentle work horses. In the catching pen he looked gentle. He wasn't a high-headed, snorting fellow, rather a sleepy type, so Brewer threw his rope on his head instead of front-footing him for a throw, and snubbed him up. Surprisingly the outlaw never made a bad move, even when the heavy saddle was swung to his back with all the accoutrements of the wolf hunter attached. The hackamore was adjusted and all was ready.

Now if Brewer had been told that this mild-mannered, beautiful brown had given Billy White one of the hardest rides of his career, Mr. Brewer would have said, "No, thank you. Nothing doing. I'm not in Billy White's bronc-riding class." But he wasn't told until later. When he climbed aboard this 1200 pounds of concentrated dynamite he didn't know what was in store for him.

He was always a bit careful when mounting a new horse, especially one just ridden once and then turned out on fresh green buffalo grass—which goes to a horse's head in the spring. Anyway, he went aboard. We opened the big gate and hazed Brownie toward the open range, and for the next fifteen minutes history was made in that range land as far as horse riding was concerned.

Brewer made a hook with his spurs and the brown demon leaped for the clouds, which that day were far away. The wolfer grabbed his big Stetson and whanged Brownie's ears and let out a yell that could have been heard at the next round-up on a creek twenty miles away.

I've seen many good riders before and since, professionals in the rodeos, and cowboys on the cattle ranges from Dakota to Oregon, but I never saw a rider punished as much as that wolf hunter was that day. The horse did everything a horse could do. He went high, swapped ends in the air, sunfished, almost turned himself upside down in the air, and finally threw himself over backwards to get rid of the octopus on his back; but when he got to his feet that man was in the saddle yelling for more. Here were two master spirits fighting for mastery, no hazers to pick up the horse after so many seconds. No whistle signal from a judge at a rodeo. This was a fight to the finish, and what a finish!

After pitching for fifteen minutes out across the prairie, Brownie suddenly made up his mind that his rider was going to stay on top. He threw up his head and raced away, but his wind was short by this time and he settled into an easy lope. Over the hills and out of sight they went.

We sat around talking about what we had seen, coming with the secret expectation to seeing the blowhard get a fall and how the joke was turned on us.

About an hour later a rider appeared on another hill. In the distance we heard him singing a cowboy song and he seemed

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happy there in the springtime. But as he came closer we got a better look, and it was Brewer.

Sure enough, he rode up big as life and twice as cocky, and on the saddle tied to the traps were the scalps of three half-grown grey wolves. Seems that shortly after he disappeared over the hill he ran into a bunch of wolves. He let out one of his yells and panicked them, managing to shoot three before he dismounted.

We had thought he was a little more than we could stand before this, but now there was no living with him. After we told him Billy White had said that was the worst horse he ever rode and that he wouldn't ride him again for love nor money, Brewer swelled up until he burst several buttons of his fancy vest and said, "Why, Billy White never was in my class when it comes to riding bad horses."

That was Brewer, not knowingly reckless when something was dangerous, but if he walked into it of his own free will he almost always did the impossible. A fine cowhand, but hard to get along with because of his bragging, a wolf hunter by occupation and the best I ever saw. One summer's catch, I believe, was near two hundred grey and lobos, and I don't think he kept count of the coyotes. I know he was always out of humor if he found a coyote in one of his wolf traps. He would throw the carcass as far as he could, spread some medicine on his trap and with gloves set it again, hoping for a big wolf next time.

YOU would think that a man like Brewer would never care to give up the life of a wolf hunter but when woman wills, man must. So it was with this giant of the range. At last he fell, and not for a coy little creature with golden locks and blue eyes. She was a big Norseman's daughter and her shoes were number nines. Two hundred pounds she was, too heavy to ride a horse with grace and comfort. We got her to a dance one night with a team and buggy, and there Brewer's trouble started.

He was such a dandy and wore such fine clothes and was such a good dancer that our girls were always eager to dance with him. This humiliated us and didn't set well if we had ridden forty miles to get them to the party. We wanted to dance with them ourselves. Brewer was never known to go and get a girl. He would rather take some other fellow's girl away from him. But his day was about up as far as being a lady killer was concerned.

We had all rehearsed our parts. After getting the big blonde and the dandy introduced to each other we let them have one dance together and then we all took turns dancing with her. Of course that made him jealous. He told her what a fine man he was, and he looked the part, how he could catch the wariest she-wolf, how he could ride bucking horses and rope wild cows, and all the rest of his accomplishments.

She was a good listener, for the years were creeping up on her. Then she told him about her nice little ranch and how many white-faced cows she had, and about her dandy team of horses with a new top buggy to go with them. She had made a go of it, since her father died, with the help of Olaf, her hired man, but and then she sighed. . . . Brewer asked if he might drive her home and maybe do a little wolfing down her way if wolves were bothering her cattle.

When fall roundup came, there was our old friend Brewer with his string of saddle horses, and he was gathering Diamond C cattle. Someone asked him about the wolfing business.

"Oh, I quit wolf hunting about a month ago and let Olaf have the job."

"You are working for Miss H-- then, are you?"

"Well, not exactly. We got married in Rapid City last week."

That was that. But when any old cowpuncher gets married his friends wouldn't have done right by him if they didn't give him a send-off. When the roundup swung down toward the Diamond C about fifty of us left the herd in charge of the regular night herders and all rode to the ranch buildings to give the newlyweds a real chivaree. We pounded tin pans and shot off revolvers and made all the noise we could until the lamps were lighted, the door thrown open, and we were invited in. And Mrs. Brewer must have been expecting us because the dining room table held the biggest feed I ever saw.

When it came time to get back to camp,

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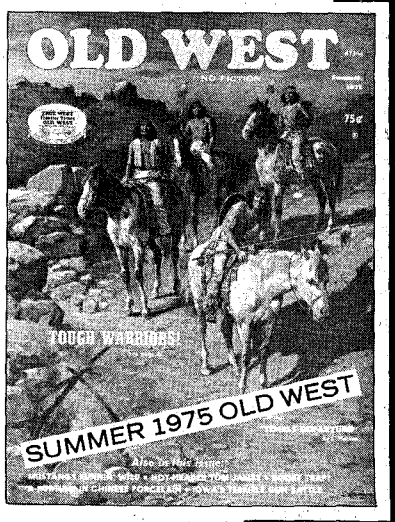

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Joe Timmons rose and made a little speech, complimenting both bride and groom. As he was about to conclude, he reached in his shirt pocket and pulled a much-soiled envelope.

Handing it to the bride he said, "Mrs. Brewer, we are all happy to be here tonight. I didn't think, when I introduced you to Wolfer Brewer up at the Newton dance, that I was getting you in for so much trouble. So if you'll just take the contents of this here dirty old envelope maybe it will help square things a little."

The bride blushed. She emptied the contents out on the table and, when she looked it over, she almost blushed again and exclaimed, "Vell, if dere isn't fifty ten dollar bills! Ay tank you!"

Timmons then turned to the groom and said, "Brewer, you'll be needing some good horses on the roundup now. If that big brown you have of mine will be any good to you just keep him as a little side bet from me. I lost him anyway last spring, because I made a bet with myself that you couldn't ride him— and I see you are still riding him. Now he is yours."

That's the way those boys did things on the range back then. If you were their friend there was nothing they wouldn't do for you—but they had to have their fun too.

Oregon's Pioneer Master Detective

(Continued from page 11)

for anyone on the darkened front porch to be observed.

When Sophie said neither she nor Otto had told anyone of the planned stop at the Alvin ranch, substance was added to the theory of mistaken identity.

Leaving the bedroom, the officials helped Coroner Limber transfer the body to the hearse. After Limber had driven off, they began looking for evidence outside the house, using lanterns for light.

The front porch yielded nothing; nor were there any visible clues in the yard. The nearly-frozen ground, most of it covered with grass, held no footprints, which meant the investigators would be seriously handicapped in their quest for a lead. The lack of tracks, for instance, made it next to impossible to tell from which direction the killer had come and gone.

Abandoning their search for the time being, the men drove back to Vancouver and went to the mortuary where the victim had been taken by Coroner Limber. The surgeon called in to perform the post mortem was just finishing, and his oral report to them was brief: Otto Ludke had been killed instantly by almost a full charge of shot which caught him in the neck and chest.

The surgeon had extracted some of the pellets and wads from the victim. Cresap and Burnett determined that the birdshot was No. 4 and the wads were for a 12-gauge gun.

Since nothing more could be done that night, they went to their homes for a few hours of sleep. Early Saturday morning they met at the courthouse, got into the sheriff's car and headed up the picturesque highway toward Horn's Corner.

En route they talked over the case, agreeing that so far there was only one tangible clue—the fishnet weights mixed in with the birdshot to make a lethal charge. It seemed odd to them that a farmer would have such sinkers, which were used mainly in the nearby Columbia River by commercial fishermen to catch salmon.

The officers drove to the Ludke home to check on the widow's condition. She was still dazed by the tragedy and seemed unable to believe that her husband had been taken from her.

She agreed with the investigators' assumption that Otto had been mistaken for someone else in the fatal attack, since he had never been involved in any kind of trouble and she pointed out again that only she, Otto and the Alvins knew of their plans to stop at the farmhouse before going on to the party.

The officials then returned to the shooting scene to make a more thorough inspection, hoping to discover something overlooked in the darkness. But their efforts were unrewarded and they were forced to concede that the slayer had executed the crime and vanished without leaving the slightest hint of his identity.

CRESAP and his deputies spent the following week in a futile attempt to get a line on the killer and then the sheriff called Archie Leonard.

While Cresap and Prosecutor Burnett related what information they had gained, Leonard took down the details in shorthand, occasionally interrupting with a question. When he appeared satisfied that he had all the facts, he said: "Anybody could have done the shooting—even a wild man, Ira, as some of the farm folks think. Or it is possible that Ludke was mistaken for somebody else. It might have been Axel Alvin even though he doesn't know of anyone with a reason for such an attack. I'd like to go into this with him."

But at the farm Alvin again insisted that nobody had the vaguest cause to harm him. Leonard then turned his attention to an examination of the premises, but, like his colleagues, found nothing to point to the killer's identity.

"Well, somewhere along the line the culprit must have left a trace," Leonard commented quietly. "We've got to find it."

Then began a painstaking search of the fields, lanes, and roads surrounding the Alvin home. Although this took up the rest of the day, nowhere could the men find any track or other signs of the assailant's presence.

"Tomorrow we'll start questioning all the farmers in the area," Leonard said as they headed back to Vancouver. "Maybe we can find somebody who saw something that ties in."

The next morning, after talking with several farmers without learning anything of interest, they contacted one whose property was approximately a half-mile south of the shooting scene. Although he hadn't seen or heard anything suspicious, he had discovered, on the previous day, fresh footprints in a patch of plowed ground where he had recently planted a winter crop. Since neither he nor any of his family had been in that section after it was sown, he couldn't understand who had walked over the patch.

The seeded area paralleled the road over which the Ludkes had traveled on the night of the shooting, so it seemed logical to the investigators that the tracks had been made by the killer on his way to the Alvin place, as they were headed in that direction.

Led to the spot by the informant, Leonard and Cresap carefully studied the indentations, which were unusually deep and distinct. The frosty weather had preserved them perfectly, and the detective took photographs of them with a special camera he had brought from Portland. Examination of the impressions revealed they had been made by size 11 boots with heavy soles, the left one having a hole about the circumference of a quarter.

"We may have to check on every man

Detective Archie Leonard served as head of the Portland Police Department's missing persons bureau.

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around here," Leonard told the sheriff, "but we've got to locate those boots. They're our best bet right now."

They were disappointed, however, for nowhere could they locate any boots tallying with the prints. On the chance that the slayer had left the pair in question at a cobbler's after the shooting, they drove into Ridgefield and canvassed the shoe repair men. But none of them had received any boots that could possibly have left the tracks.

So, on Tuesday morning the officers were back at Horn's Corner to pursue their only lead. This time they decided to make a more thorough examination of the area where the bootprints had been discovered, hoping to backtrack the killer's trail.

Whoever left them had been walking northward toward the Alvin farm, so the investigators headed south from the plowed field, keeping their eyes focused on the ground. Away from the planted patch however, the earth was too hard to hold footprints, so they began looking for some sign as to where the killer had entered the field.

They crawled through strands of barbed wire separating the farmland from the road—the same one over which the Ludkes had ridden on the fatal night—then reversed their course.

They had covered about 300 yards when the sheriff suddenly stopped. "Archie, there's something on the next to the bottom strand of the fence," he said, pointing. "Looks like a piece of cloth."

It was. The barbed wire had snagged it, obviously when someone had gone through the fence. They retrieved the scrap and studied it. Quite heavy, it apparently had come from an overcoat or mackinaw. Its frayed condition suggested that the garment had been tattered, leaving the fragment on the barb instead of tearing the coat.

THEIR hopes raised, the investigators continued their search and soon discovered several bootprints—the left ones with the hole in the sole—in the ground between the fence and the road. The tracks fitted the measurements of those found in the plowed section.

On the possibility that the coat fragment had been left by the owner of the property, the officers hurried to the farmhouse to question him. When he saw the scrap, he said it couldn't have come from his or his family's clothing. So the officers began another tour of the district on what they surely must have considered a wild goose chase. But they got what appeared to be a break when they reached the farm of Edward Gall, situated approximately one-fourth of a mile north of the Ludke place. They had been there before in their search for the boots which had made the suspicious tracks. Gall's boots not only were two sizes smaller than the ones in question but had no hole in either sole.

This time, however, they found that the farmer, a 33-year-old bachelor, *owned a mackinaw which had been* snagged—and the piece found on the barbed wire fence was a perfect match. When Archie Leonard asked him how he had snagged the garment, he glanced at it in surprise. Finding the tear on the lower right side, he shrugged. The coat was old, he said, and he must have caught it on something.

Leonard then inquired as to when he had entered the field where the scrap had been found. The lanky farmer, who sported an abundant moustache, thought for a while before replying that it must have been when he shot a rabbit from the road a week or so ago and had gone into the field to retrieve it.

As a matter of routine the officers questioned him regarding his whereabouts at the time of the slaying. He said he had been in his barn doing the evening chores. He had heard a gun discharge but thought someone had fired at a coyote or some other predator.

Asked what guns he owned, he led them into the house and showed them a .22 caliber rifle, which he said he used to rid his fields of rats and other pests, and sometimes to bag an occasional rabbit or grouse.

Since there was no real evidence to tie him into the killing, the investigators thanked him and returned to their car. Leonard suggested they try to find out more about Gall, so they started by talking with the nearest neighbor, Sophie Ludke. "He's a fine man," she told them. "Otto and he were closer than brothers. He couldn't have done such a thing."

"It's just a routine check," Leonard said. "We're getting all the information we can about every man in the community."

ALTHOUGH there seemed no reason to prolong the inquiry since nothing really linked Gall to the killing, one doubt persisted in the Portland detective's mind. He couldn't quite accept the apparent coincidence that the bachelor had snagged his mackinaw at the exact point where the second series of suspicious bootprints had been found.

"Do you know anything about his activities before he came to Horn's Corner, Mrs. Ludke?" Leonard asked in an effort to find the clue he felt existed.

"The only thing he ever mentioned was that he worked with the salmon fishing fleets on the Columbia for several years," she replied.

The officials perked up, for this would explain the fishnet sinkers mixed in with the birdshot in the fatal charge. But Sophie told them that Gall had never owned a shotgun.

When the investigators returned to their car, Leonard commented: "We'll never get to first base, Ira, without locating that shotgun. If Gall is our man, he must have bought or borrowed one recently, because Mrs. Ludke would have known whether he owned one."

Hoping to find the answer, they drove into Ridgefield and talked with the proprietor of the only hardware store. He knew Gall by sight, having sold him ammunition for his .22 rifle on numerous occasions. He added, however, that Gall had never purchased a shotgun or shells.

The merchant paused for a moment, and then added: "But a few weeks ago, he and a friend of his came in and the other fellow bought some birdshot. Num-

(Continued on page 45)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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HORSES

Those who love members of the equine kingdom will find *Panorama of American Horses* (Westover Publishing Co., $12.50) by Steven Price to be the most distinctive album that has been developed on the genus in many a moon. With a clearly written text to orient the reader, the album includes over 150 striking photographs of which 32 pages are in color. The book is a stunner for any horse lover, but is exceptional as a training reference for green hands and youngsters who should learn to know what a companion the horse has been to man throughout the ages. The only horse we found missing are pictures of wild mustangs which still roam many western ranges. The forebears of those mustangs provided mobility to Spaniards, Indians, pioneers, and cowboys. Pleasure riding is the biggest single use for horses today, and breeds available for this purpose include Arabians, Quarter Horses, Appaloosas, Palominos, Pintos, Morgans, and Thoroughbreds, as well as Shetlands and Welsh ponies for kids. Also the reader is treated to handsome pictures of show horses, draft animals, racers, trotters, and rodeo stock. Highly recommended.

The Noble Horse (J. A. Allen and Company, London, $5.95) by Werner Schmalenbach should charm horse lovers wherever they reside. A compact, beautifully illustrated book, the author calls it a journey through the history of art. The handsome illustrations take the reader from the Stone Age murals on the caves of Lascaux to the abstract paintings of Chagall, Picasso and Braque of the 1940s. The writing was effectively translated from the German by Daphne Machin Goodall and Lionel Edwards of England and provides a foreword that is both arty and horsey. Sixty-two colored and black and white illustrations supplement a cultivated narrative. Horses were an important source of food for the cave man but his descendants later learned to ride the tractable animal which eventually became a war horse, a chariot racer, work animal, a track and circus performer. The horse anatomist will marvel at the form and action depicted by Stone Age artists which was lost in the stiff stylized work of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks and Romans but came to life again with the Japanese, Leonardo da Vinci, Hans von Marees, Ernest Meissonier, and also Russell and Remington of the USA (who are not included). We were disappointed with the pictures in the last chapter by abstract painters whose horses have lost the function of formal display. The author explains that these artists are attempting to declare that the horse has outplayed his part in the universe where he is merely a symbol in a denaturalized world. We recommend this classy little book as a present for unusual friends.

GOLD FEVER?

World gold prices have stimulated a new crop of "Sourdoughs" to search for more of the precious metal. Those taking a fling at prospecting for gold will benefit by owning a copy of E. S. "Rocky" LeGaye's revised and enlarged edition of *Gold—ABC's of Panning, for Health, for Fun, for Profit,* (Western Heritage Press, $4.95). A seasoned gold hunter, Rocky writes for the beginner in layman's language. He describes the history and mystery of gold entertainingly. The mystery of gold origins in the earth still baffles geologists. Over 4,000 years ago primitive man discovered the gleaming malleable metal, made ornaments of it and soon began using it as money. Weekenders and vacationers with the gold bug can have pleasure and rewards for efforts in placer mining if they learn the techniques provided in Rocky's booklet. A map of eleven Western states and the Black Hills show where a panner may find placer gold. Prospecting has changed since the Forty-Niners struck off into the unknown with a pack burro, pick and shovel, gold pan, some flour and bacon. A grubstake, a jeep, metal detectors and other specialized hand tools give the modern prospector a long edge over the old-timer. Millions of acres of Western public land may be legally panned for gold. The prospector should be armed with instructions about staking and filing claims. Much of the gold-bearing West is privately owned and arrangements must be made with owners before work can begin on their land.

COWS AND KIDS

Ranch School Teacher (University of Arizona Press, $4.95 paper and $8.50 cloth) by Eulalia Bourne is a warm account of a pioneer teacher's trials and tribulations while teaching the Three R's to country kids during the early days of Arizona statehood. The book presents some intriguing aspects of teaching and ranching heretofore given little recognition in our literature. A self-taught teenage instructor, Mrs. Bourne began her career in a one-room schoolhouse at Beaver Creek, a spring-fed branch of the Verde River which heads in the pine forests of the Mogollon Rim. Fired her second year for dancing the one-step, she transferred to the Santa Rita Mountain mining town of Helvetia where none of her pupils spoke English. Here she learned Spanish and developed a bilingual school which gave her high marks with her friendly superintendent. Repeating this accomplishment in other southern Arizona one-room schools, she encouraged her pupils to write and publish the famous school paper, *The Little Cowpuncher.* During her stay at the Reddington school on the San Pedro River, she homesteaded and started a cow herd looked after by a kindly uncle. Boots and Levi's and blouse or men's shirt were her school clothes except on special occasions. School administrators would do well to examine her viewpoints disapproving canned lesson courses for teachers in elementary grades. She was named "Woman of the Year" by the Arizona Press Women in 1973. Her philosophy of teaching was simple and effective. She said, "she showed the kids how to learn and they showed her how to teach." This easy to read book was not written especially for juveniles but both kids and grownups will enjoy it. Recommended.

BIG BEND VERSE

Those who enjoy looking at the past through Western poetry will want to read *My Song of Life* (Exposition Press, $6.50) by Ruth Jane Croy. Born in Carroll County, Arkansas in 1904, Mrs. Croy journeyed to the Texas Big Bend country in a covered wagon when two years old. Her book is a collection of poetry guaranteed to remind others of youthful bygone days. Her verses provide her family and friends nostalgic reminiscences of an era when Big Bend residents moved about on donkeys, cow ponies or in wagons. From the home ranch near Cibolo, Texas, the author was captivated by the changing seasons, native flowers, the Rio Grande with its serpentine canyons, wild animals, the Chisos or Ghost Mountains, and the steep limestone ramparts of Santa Elena Canyon north of Pancho Villa's former camp. These poems present an historical record of her life in the Big Bend where she still lives at Cibolo.

CALIFORNIA CLASSIC

Mary Austin (1868-1934) playwright, poet, essayist, novelist and first California woman of letters, wrote thirty-five books and hundreds of short stories, essays and poems over a period of forty-two years in California, New York and Santa Fe. New readers will welcome the republication of *The Land of Little Rain* (University of New Mexico Press, $2.45) with an introduction by T. M. Pearce. The excellent illustrations by E. Boyd Smith are carried over into the reprint. *Land of Little Rain,* Mary Austin's first book, is a collection of classic essays

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ber 4, I think it was. I knew he was Gall's friend because I've seen them on the street together several times."

Obtaining the name and location of the friend—a farmer on the other side of town—the officials hurried there and began questioning him. He said he had done considerable commercial fishing with Gall prior to their buying their farms three years before. But because their places were quite a distance apart, they hadn't seen each other often. Around the first of November, however, Gall had come over and asked to borrow the other's shotgun, saying he wanted to hunt pheasants.

"I told him he was welcome to it but I didn't have any shells," the man went on. "He handed me some money and asked me to buy some. I said he could get them himself on his way home, but he insisted I do it. He said he didn't know what kind to get. So I went into town with him and bought a box. He brought the gun back three weeks later."

When the officers asked him to try to recall the exact date the weapon had been returned, the farmer finally was able to pinpoint it as Saturday, November 21.

Leonard and Cresap exchanged glances. That was the day after the murder. They asked to see the shotgun and it proved to be a 12-gauge—the type used by the killer. The officers confiscated it and sped back to Gall's place.

The bachelor seemed to pale when they showed it to him and told how they had got it. He then admitted borrowing the weapon but insisted he had used it only for shooting pheasants. He said he hadn't mentioned it before, fearing he would be suspected of the murder.

But a search of his cabin turned up a tin can containing some fishnet sinkers identical with the ones in the lethal charge, along with some No. 12 shotgun wads, the kind used in the killing.

Gall attempted to explain away this and other incriminating evidence, but under Archie Leonard's expert questioning he finally gave up.

"I killed Otto," he admitted. "I didn't want to. He was my best friend. But I wanted Sophie and I thought she would marry me if Otto was gone."

Taken to the courthouse, he made a full confession to Leonard, Sheriff Cresap, Prosecutor Burnett and a stenographer.

GALL said that after deciding to kill Otto, he had borrowed the shotgun from his friend and spiked the birdshot with some of the net sinkers left over from his commercial fishing days in order to make a lethal charge.

Gall said he wanted to kill his friend away from the Ludke farm because it was too close to his and he might be seen. He had first planned it for November 11 at a community dance. But Otto hadn't sat close enough to the window for Gall to get a good shot at him.

When Gall heard from other neighbors that the Ludkes were invited to the Rose Party on the 20th, he seized the opportunity for another attempt. He hid in the bushes by the road until the Ludke buggy went by, and then sneaked back to the couple's house and got Otto's boots, which were always kept on the back porch. By wearing these, he would run no risk of leaving his own footprints anywhere. He then cut across fields until he spotted the Ludke buggy stopping at the Alvin home.

Gall said he was going to shoot Otto when he got out of the rig, but Axel Alvin came out and got in the way. But when Otto sat down in the neighbor's parlor, he was a perfect target and the mission was accomplished.

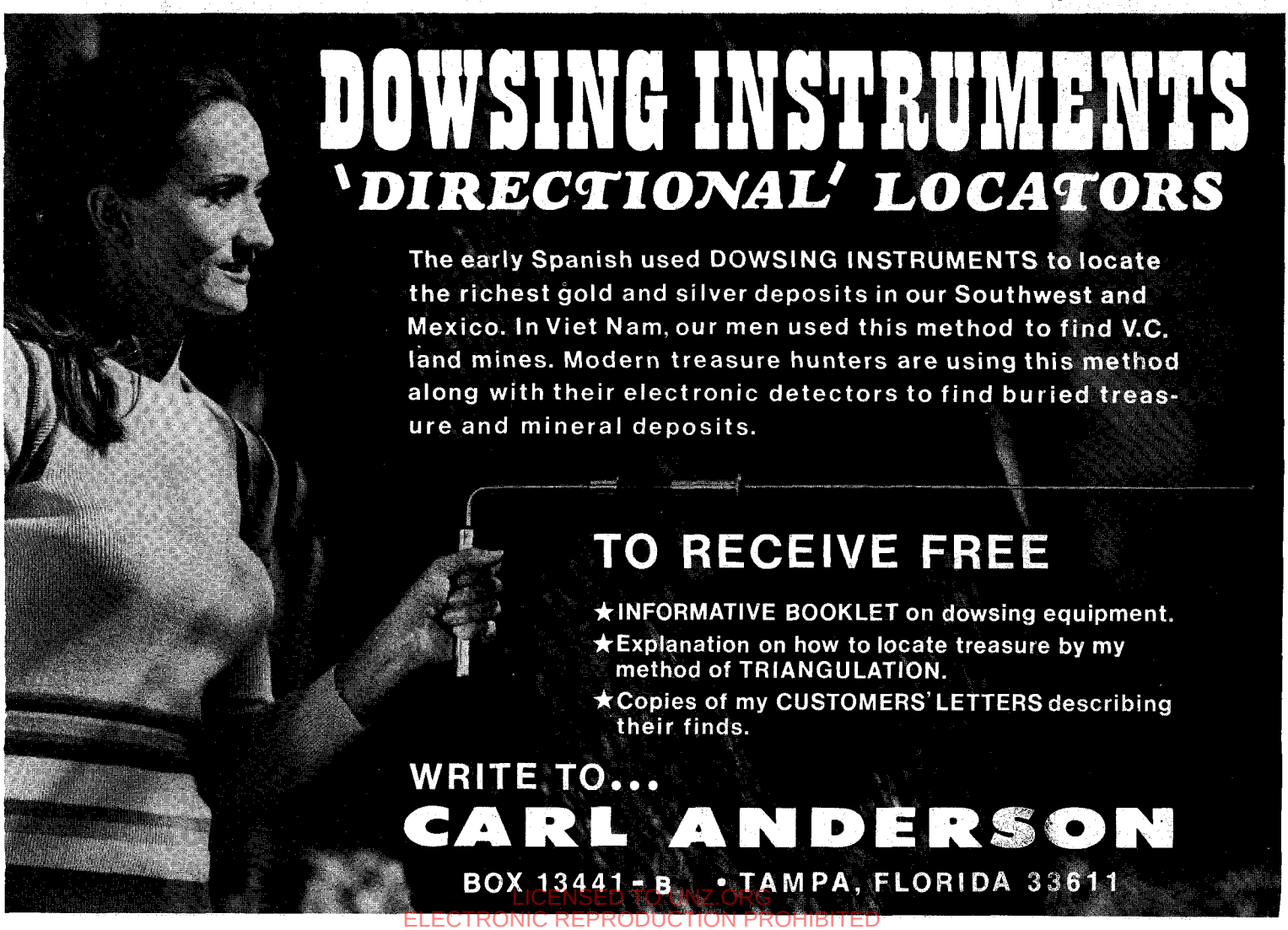
"I didn't mean for Sophie to be hit by any of the shot, though," he declared. "She was just sitting too close to Otto."

After the shooting he had returned to the Ludke farm, replaced the victim's boots, put on his own again and gone home. He had left his cabin lamp burning to make it appear he had been there all the time. After signing the confession, he was charged with first degree murder by Prosecutor Burnett and lodged in a cell in the county jail.

When Archie Leonard and Sheriff Cresap went to the Ludke home to tell Sophie the story, she seemed unable to believe it. She said Gall had never indicated any romantic interest in her, appearing to be merely a good neighbor and friend.

With Otto's murder solved, the cloud of fear over Horn's Corner was dis-

(Continued on page 48)



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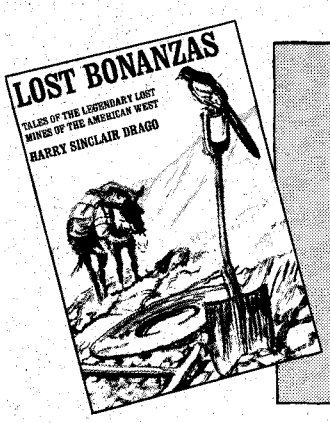

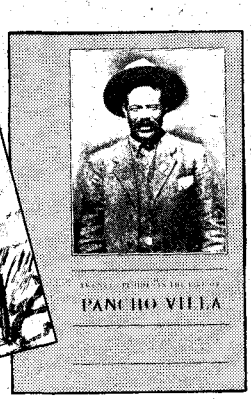

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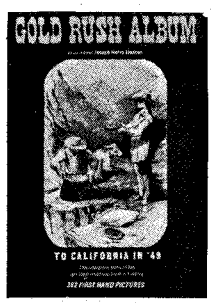

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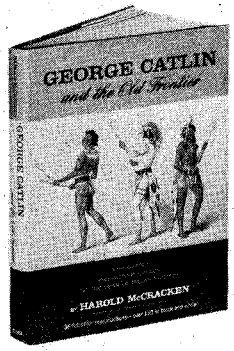

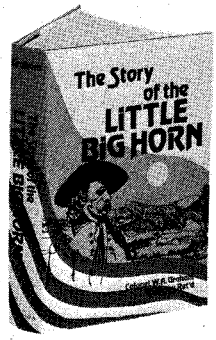

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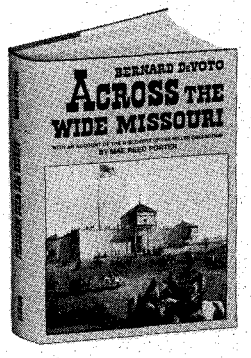

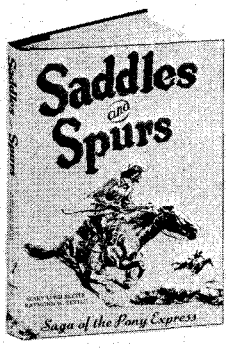

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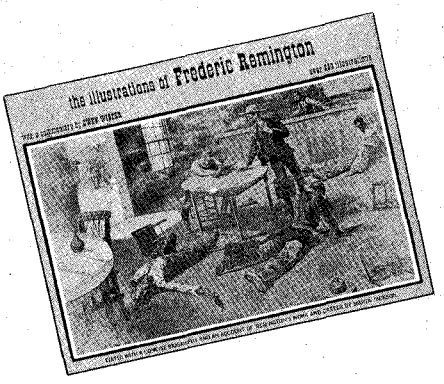

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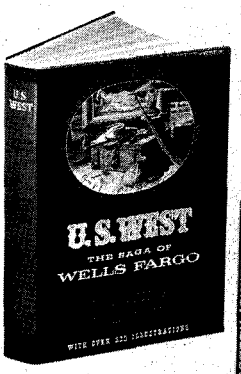

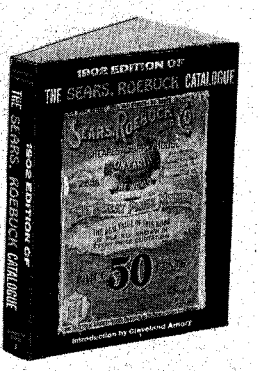

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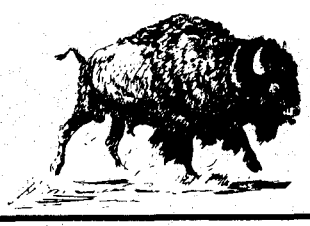

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(Continued from page 45)

sipated and the farmers resumed their peaceful routine.

Gall had the briefest murder trial in the county's history. It opened January 14, 1915 and ended the following day. His written confession was all that was needed for conviction and the jury took only five minutes to find him guilty as charged. As the state had no capital punishment then, he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla.

Archie Leonard then assumed his new job as a detective on the Portland Police Department, being immediately assigned to the Homicide Division. He helped solve many murder mysteries in the ensuing twenty-one years and then was put in charge of the department's Missing Persons Bureau in 1936 with the rank of sergeant.

In the ten years he held that post he helped restore thousands of persons to their families, largely because of his unusual capacity for remembering names, descriptions, and situations.

When his health began to fail, the pioneer crime investigator retired in 1946, after thirty-one years as a detective. In all, his career in law enforcement encompassed forty-four years.

On October 23, 1952, at the age of seventy-three, Archie Leonard died, but not before seeing tremendous changes take place—changes in which he had played a prominent role. No longer was an untrained rookie given a uniform, gun, and billy club and sent out to "enforce the law." Today's average police officer is well-educated, usually with a college degree, given thorough basic training, and serves an internship with veterans before being allowed to work alone.

Thanks to pioneer officers like Archie Leonard, law enforcement has achieved a professional status instead of being merely a way to earn a living, and the public has benefited greatly by the improvement.

Lebanese Peddler

(Continued from page 25)

was just one problem—she had no money and no collateral.

Looking at Mr. Eilers with youthful intensity and with her usual measure of steadfastness, she solemnly promised if she were given the merchandise she would pay for it when she sold everything. Naturally she would sell it all and pay him back. He just had to trust her.

Eilers had some difficulty understanding her broken English. She was mastering the language but it wasn't easy for her. Still, he knew a deal when he heard one. He talked to her a little longer and finally said, "Mary, you can buy anything in this store. Take it with you and when you have sold it you can pay for it." On faith. Perhaps a snap judgment. But he made the decision to trust her and that was the end of that.

With a clerk to assist her, she selected two big and sturdy valises. Into the valises she put needles, pins, buttons, socks, underwear, soap, sheets, inexpensive fabrics and dozens of other small items she thought she could sell. She packed something for every member of the family, a small trinket or lace for the women, a doll or two for the girls, a small wooden toy for the boys, and perhaps a pocket knife or practical tool for the men. Filling both bags to the brim, she returned to San Marcos, ready to get started. But she had no wagon, no mules, not even a horse. The solution, of course, was simple. She would go it on foot.

The next morning, before the sun came up, she strapped one huge valise to her back, and carried the second bag in her arms. She had eaten a hearty breakfast, but took no food along. Mary Wardi —businesswoman—1899.

WALKING in what she understood to be the general direction of San Antonio, she began at a brisk and determined pace. South of San Marcos she made her first sale. Between the Hays County-Comal County line was the community of String Town. The settlement extended for eight miles alongside the stagecoach route between Austin and San Antonio, known as the Old San Antonio Road. This was a segment of the Camino Real (established in 1691) which connected Gaines Ferry on the Sabine River with Monclova, Mexico, a distance of some 540 miles. The stage road was the only street that String Town ever had.

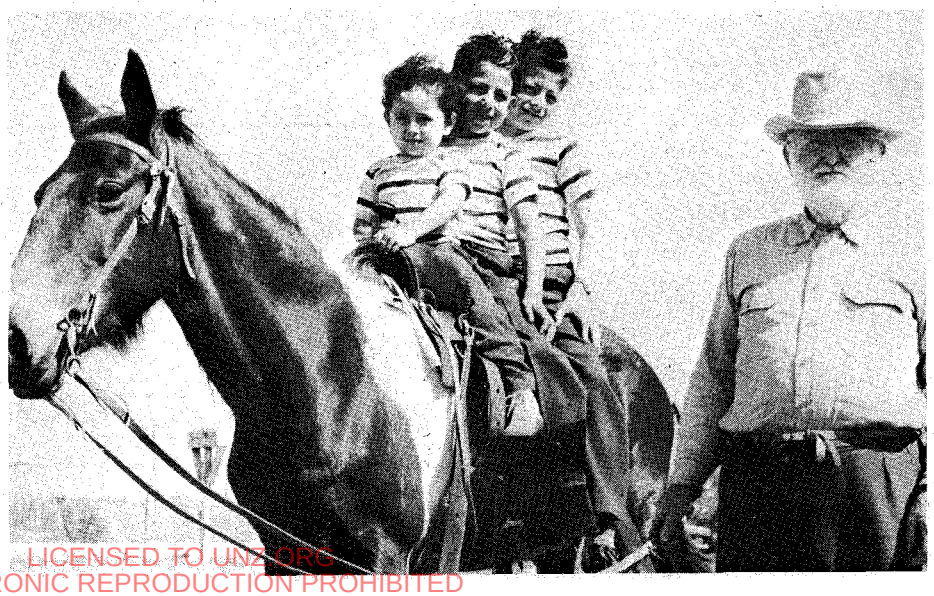
Between the years 1850-1856 eighteen families had settled there, building log homes, a store and a one-room school house. The place was never a "town" and yet, in its heyday, it did have a post office in the store. It was not a part of San Marcos, although it was no more than two miles from the northeast end of String Town to the Hays County courthouse in that town. Every house was built facing the road. For four and one-half miles the houses faced northwest because the people felt the hills in that direction would protect them from the cold winter winds. The remaining three and one-half miles extended over more level terrain and the houses faced southeast to take advantage of the prevailing breeze during the hot summer months. Since these buildings were strung along the road in such a unique manner, the community became known as String Town.

To reach there from San Marcos, Mary had to pass through "Purgatory," a deep gully but by the ofttimes rushing flow of Purgatory Creek. It was a dry stream bed that day, but in later months she would have to wait for the flooding creek to subside before she could start on a trip. (To this day Purgatory Creek causes havoc in San Marcos when the rains come and stay too long.)

Just beyond Purgatory was a level, grassy, rockless area where the people of String Town held horse races. The spot was commonly known as the "Race

Mary Nicola's home on Austin Street in San Marcos. Built between 1924 and 1926, the house is still there, although extensively remodeled.

Author William Nicola (youngest of children on horse) and Ed Miller, a long-time friend of the family and one of the last residents of Goforth, Texas. Taken in 1945.



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Track." But all Mary knew was that there were houses in the distance with potential buyers, and she aimed her small and burdened frame for the first dwelling. It belonged to H. S. Harvey, his wife and daughter Adice.

Mary hadn't sold much in String Town because of its proximity to San Marcos, but she did get rid of an item or two and that initial sale, of course, was important to her confidence. She spent the first night in String Town, setting the pattern for each and every trip thereafter. Before she could call on all the homes in the long settlement, night caught up with her. Going up to a house at the end of String Town, the Robert Caldwell home, she again approached her problem with directness. She needed a place to sleep. She asked for one. It was granted.

Laying out a mat on the floor, the Caldwells allowed Mary to spend the night. The next morning she had breakfast with the family. After eating she opened both valises and offered her benefactors their choice of her goods. They picked an item, as most folks did; but they also paid for it, again as most folks did.

Mary Wardi's first day had been a success. It would be very, very hard to accomplish her goal but the first day was to be something of a sign. She would do it.

CONTINUING along the trail, she visited every home and ranch she could reach. She passed through Hunter, which was well populated then; also Gruene and the largest city along her route, New Braunfels. Mary simply followed the trails left by horsemen, cowboys and wagons.

Just as she was beginning to master the English language she found she had to learn another tongue. Many of the people she came into contact with were Mexican-American and spoke Spanish. In addition, Mary also had to familiarize herself with German. She also grew quite proficient at sign language, especially in the beginning.

Much of the route the young woman traveled was known as the Shawnee Trail. The people who lived in this area had few visitors then. At first Mary was a curiosity. Welcome, but strange. It must have been something of a surprise at first, seeing this tiny person with her long-skirted dress complete with petticoats, her sunbonnet, and kid-and-cloth shoes walking alone through the countryside with one huge bag in her arms and another tied to her back.

Mary never seemed to have trouble keeping track of money and various accounts, even though she never learned to read or write. Because she felt herself to be a good judge of character and was trusting by nature, she always extended credit to anyone who could not afford to pay for an item at the time of sale. And she kept all accounts in her head. Folks always paid her and she never got her arithmetic mixed up or mistook the balance due.

On occasion people who had to come to San Marcos for one reason or another, looked her up, and paid the money owed her. In her home, behind the cupboard, Mary kept a row of cups. In the cups she would place dried beans or kernels of corn for those accounts that were so large they were under a sort of "time-payment" plan. When her customers paid part of their balance Mary would take the necessary number of beans or kernels. It was a strange type of bookkeeping (which she never explained to anyone) but it worked. Years after she quit peddling, occasionally individuals would drop by her home to square accounts. She kept the cups in her cupboard until all bills were paid.

BY THE TIME Mary reached San Antonio on that first trip she was sold out. Without wasting time she carried her empty valises in the direction of A. B. Frank and Company, a merchandising wholesaler who catered to small merchants and people like Mary who bought for resale. This time, though, she had money. She replenished her stock and started back.

The distance between San Antonio and her home at San Marcos was eighty miles, but traveling it the way she did, from farm to farm, Mary must have covered twice that. She probably walked about 150 miles one way, taking weeks in the process.

Mary made friends here and there, one of whom was Ed Miller, a resident of Goforth, Texas. Goforth was located just east of present-day Kyle. It was a stagecoach stop and successful because of a cotton mill that was located there. Today there is no evidence that Goforth ever existed.

Ed Miller stayed in touch with Mary after she became Mary Nicola, and was also friends with the only Nicola to ever establish a business in San Marcos—Joe. As late as the 1940s our family would pack up and drive out to Goforth to visit old man Miller. There wasn't much left of Goforth even then, but he kept his home there, sort of a ranch and farm, and he would give all the kids in the family rides on the horses.

It was some time after Mary had already established a route and successful pattern of peddling her merchandise that she learned about her brother Charlie. After selling his goods in Mexico, apparently without any difficulty, he had met his fate one night on the trail. Friends he had made along the way, farmers with whom he did business, wrote his sister and explained. While camped in the countryside he was jumped upon by bandits and killed. Charlie, Mary's ambitious and adventurous brother, was dead. She was really alone now.

Hiding the burden of her loss deep within her, Mary kept on with her business venture for the next three years, logging somewhere in the vicinity of 20,000 miles by foot. It was an amazing statistic. Even more unbelievable was the fact she was never molested, bothered or robbed. And evidently, she was never shortchanged or cheated. In 1902 Mary settled down in San Marcos to raise a family and to start another chapter in her life. And to the day she died her two most enthusiastic credit references were McKean-Eilers and A. B. Frank.

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Did You Grow Up On a Farm?

(Continued from page 29)

ALTHOUGH we always had a short vacation at Christmas time, we couldn't loaf. That was the time we used to lay in a supply of firewood. We would take lunches and go to the Walnut River, not far from where Auntie Carman's people drowned in 1885. [The story of the Carman tragedy was carried in the June 1970 *True West*.]

Dad arranged with the farmer to let us cut a few trees. We had to grub them out, then saw them in small enough pieces to load into the wagon to haul home. The trunks and large limbs were cut with a two-man saw, then split with wedges. Back home it was cut into stove lengths. Our wood pile was planned to last all year.

The schoolhouse doubled as the Methodist Church. There was Sunday School and preaching every Sunday morning, and worship every Sunday evening. My parents were very devout, so we went to both services unless it stormed or some other emergency came up. The preacher was always a student from what was commonly called "The Preacher Factory," Southwestern College at Winfield, which was a Methodist institution.

The whole social life of the community centered around the church and school district. In the winter, the school kids would put on Box Suppers. We would have two or three little plays of maybe thirty minutes each, plus a reading or two. After the entertainment, the Box Social would begin. All the courting-age girls would bring decorated shoeboxes with a supper inside. These would be auctioned off for anywhere from a quarter to a dollar, and the purchaser would get to share his supper with the girl. The few dollars collected were used to buy song books, a library book or two, bats, or other items.

Occasionally some adults in the community would put on a play lasting one and a half hours or so. We also had magic lantern people come through and they would show travel pictures. Sometimes we'd have a debate.

Private parties were generally in the summer, at residences. The main event was sparking in the dark, plus visiting, eating ice cream, or occasionally, a watermelon. As my parents were very strict in their religious beliefs, card-playing, dancing, tobacco, and whiskey were all taboo.

That ruled out square dances, and really, most of the private parties, since many had either a poker game in the back room, men smoking pipes, or a lot of whiskey floating around.

Decorating the Christmas tree was a community project. All the women and kids would show up to string popcorn, cranberries, and whatever else. This, plus maybe a little tinsel, made up the decoration.

Even though we had celebrations on the Fourth of July and most of the other big holidays, probably the greatest thing for us was the Chautauqua series. The programs were put on in large tents in Rock, and they would stay five or six

The Servis family at Christmas, 1916.

days. They had afternoon and night shows. Father would always help underwrite the expense, so we would go to several shows. The performers were all professional. Some of the present-day stars started with the old circuits. The entertainment covered all phases of show business—plays, magicians, bands, singers, orators, etc. It was really class for us kids. These shows came through about every two years.

HARVEST TIME was always looked forward to—that was the time, once a year, when all the bills were paid to the general store. This started in June with the sale of oats, continued through July with the spring wheat, then September and October with corn and milo. The small grain was bound and stacked. Corn was gathered after the frost.

A neighbor's threshing outfit was a steam engine and separator. If threshing

Mildred and Lester Servis, August 9, 1972.

was done from the shocks, it required eight rack wagons and at least two box wagons. Stacked bundles were pitched directly into the separator. The machine owner had his own two horses and water wagon to supply water for the engine. He was kept busy gathering water from the stock tanks or from the nearby Walnut River. The farmer had to furnish the required coal.

The noon dinner was a big event. Neighbor ladies would always help (trade work) as the crew moved from place to place. The total crew would be around fifteen men. They were plied with chicken, dumplings, fresh bread, fresh vegetables, and lots of pie, cake, and iced tea.

Our family never went ragged. We might have been covered with a few patches, but never ragged. Mother made most of her clothes and my sister's too. She made work shirts for the men and pants for us boys when we were small. We all had store-bought clothes for Sunday and dress up. Flour sacks and feed sacks were bleached and used for underwear. Work clothes for the men were denim overalls and denim jackets. Winter jackets were blanket lined. Sweaters and vests for cold weather were hand-knitted. School caps for winter were knitted from scraps of wool yarn. High-button shoes were stylish so we all had these for dress-up. I, being the youngest boy, had plenty of hand-me-downs in those years.

Rainy days always meant work, except for maybe a trip into Rock. Father had a good kit of all kinds of hand tools, and he could mend or fix about everything and anything we used. We had a work bench in one of the sheds, so if it was raining we repaired harness, greased the buggy, repaired work shoes, or cleaned out the barns. After the rain there were always fences to repair, posts to set, or weeds to hoe. Father had a hate for weeds, so we were turned loose on the fence rows, corn rows, garden, orchard, and around the house. Machinery was repaired and adjusted, and buildings were repaired. Corn would be stored and shelled by hand for seed. There was never any end to it.

There used to be a lot of men traveling the county, stopping at every house offering their wares. Most carried the Watkins or the Seeley line—liniment, pain relievers, assorted pills, all kitchen needs, vanilla extracts, herbs, coloring, mustard plasters, etc. They had a cure for almost everything. They also had livestock powders and liniments. It's odd, but most of the products did what they were supposed to do. Mother would always give them an order, and in turn we kids got a package of chewing gum. We always looked forward to such a visit, which was about twice a year. (Model T Fords put an end to these men. Nobody was home when they called!)

The spring of 1918 my dad bought a Model T Ford touring car. Mother had decided she wanted to visit my older brother, Donald, and his new bride. Mother, Auntie Aurelia Carman, my sister Mary, and I started out for Charles City, Iowa. I, at thirteen, was to do all the driving and change all the tires,

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Jennie May (Kibbe) Servis

plus find the way up there. Road maps and markings were scarce, not to mention roads. We drove 170 miles the first day.

When we got into Iowa the rains came, and we gave up. The coils were getting wet and the engine was misfiring. We pulled up into a farm yard and asked the people if we could stay all night. They consented, and we drove on to Charles City the next day. On the trip back, we got as near home as El Dorado, and it rained us out again! We stayed overnight in a hotel, and took the train back to Rock. I went back on horseback a few days later when the roads dried, and drove the car home.

I marvel how my parents managed to raise our family of three boys and a girl on the income from 160 acres of not too good land. The only schooling my father had was about to the seventh grade. Mother had spent a couple of years at a normal school to prepare for teaching.

Both of my folks were a soft touch for tenant farmers who were on the rind in those days. I guess that's the reason we made it, and the reason we enjoyed what would now be called the hard life. People cared about each other.

Hellfire and Brimstone

(Continued from page 3)

Carr's strongest attributes during his nearly eighty years of fighting the devil.

Papa took us up to Brother Carr's 100th birthday celebration. I made a snapshot of him with a battered old Kodak, and the picture, along with a story of his notable career, appeared in *Farm & Ranch* in the late 1920s, I believe.

BUT to get back to Midway. I can't help but brag a little about the singing before and after each sermon. The only thing that kept it from being downright classical was the battered organ that must have been fifty years old when one of our good brethren got hold of it and donated it to the church. There were three or four keys that were a shade off and when Mrs. Pennington hit a high note in her singing and one of those keys at the same time, it detracted slightly from the overall beauty of her noble contribution.

Those people had the fear of God and the love of good singing in their hearts. Sometimes I thought they might have overdone the thing a little since it seemed to me that several of the good Sisters tried to outshine the others with pure volume alone. I think there must have been some good, clean competition going on between Aunt Bamma, Mrs. Hanser and Sister Pennington.

I remember one time especially. They had just finished putting "In The Sweet By and By" away in good fashion and had started on "The Promised Land" that goes something like "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand. . . ." and were really warming up to that grand old song. Then something happened with reference to the competition angle. There are some rather tricky notes in the chorus. The good sisters were singing their hearts out when all three hit an off note at the same time. Also, it was unfortunate that Mrs. Pennington picked that particular moment to touch heavily upon a couple of bad keys. The combination detracted somewhat from what I figured the writer of that song expected of its overall rendition.

Anyhow, we sure did enjoy those singings. A prayer followed and then came the sermon.

There were the staunch believers, the timid believers and those who wouldn't enter the building at all but couldn't pass up the chance to discuss crop conditions, the weather and whether or not they were going to dip cattle that year. They stayed outside and talked during the whole sermon and I think it sort of plagued Brother Carr a little since he preached louder than I thought necessary in my humble opinion. I was thinking maybe he figured he could get to those lost souls outside one way or another.

Uncle John Glover was telling me and my brother Wayne about a time when we weren't there. It seems that old man Jabe Price was a little late getting inside and had to take a front seat. When Brother Price saw that he had mistimed his entrance, he was noticeably shaken. The good brother had always taken a back seat since he wasn't fully acquainted with the proceedings of church work and had never been heard to give a prayer in public. The singing had just stopped and Brother Carr proclaimed in a deep booming voice, "Brother Price, will you give the Benediction?"

Uncle John said if you had stuck a butcher knife clean through Brother Price's stomach, it wouldn't have surprised him more. He fell to his knees, stammered around a little trying to figure on something to say, and then came out with these solemn words, "Oh God, please have mercy on Jesus Christ!"

Brother Price had barely got the words out of his mouth when he realized that an error of some magnitude had escaped him. He broke and ran out of the schoolhouse and was never seen to enter it again. People said it was a shame too, since he was showing some

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signs of becoming a staunch member of the flock.

THE social life of Midway even pulled participants from the surrounding communities of Black Jack, Frog Joy and Liberty. A "camp meeting" was a full week of preaching, singing, socializing and eating. On Sunday, there would be dinner on the ground at 12:00 noon—or sometimes nearly 1:00 if the sermon ran a shade long. The meats, pies, cakes and other cooking delights those women brought for public display and approval makes my mouth water today. The main trouble was keeping flies, gnats, ants and just plain bugs from eating the food before we got a chance at it. The kids always enjoyed this part of a camp meeting—we got to eat along with the grown-ups. At home, when there was company, the grown-ups ate first and us kids had to do with what was left.

The nights were mighty hot there in that little sandy-land clearing cut out of the post oak and heavy brush woodland. Some of the roughest characters in that part of the country would actually set foot inside those hallowed walls but sitting in the seats was going a little too far. Some of the big old overgrown boys sat in the windows for two purposes—first they wanted to show their separation from the acknowledged religious section and second they got the benefit of any breeze that might seep through those narrow openings.

Some of those sermons were two hours long. There was no place to keep the kids so they sat right there through it. The younger ones lay on pallets with each mother sitting beside her child with a palmetto or funeral home fan, trying to keep it quiet or asleep. Just about the only excuse a kid could have for taking a breather outside was to get permission to go pump himself a drink out of the rusty old water-provider, or go to the "closet" which was a modern, closed-in three-holer for the men on one side of the schoolhouse and another for the women on the far side.

There never was a pulpit. However, a couple of wooden crates or some other contraption was put up as a makeshift pulpit and I never could understand why Brother Carr didn't break it to splinters when he condemned the sinners in a roaring voice, stared into their very souls and pounded that box with a heavy fist. There followed a long silence for general effect. Just about everybody squirmed around in their seats trying to figure if there was even a slight chance to escape the horrors of hell.

One night when I figured I didn't have

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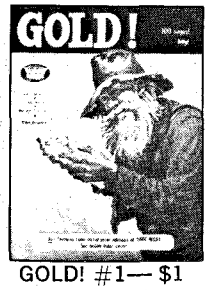
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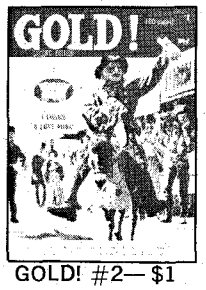
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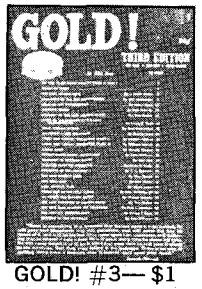
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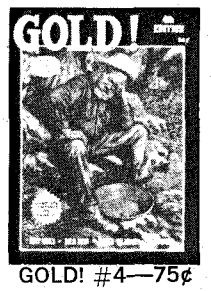
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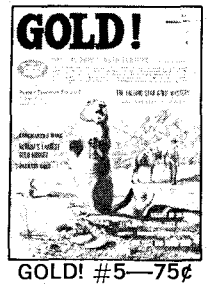
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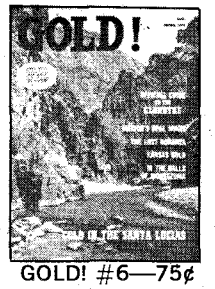
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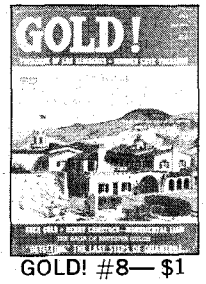
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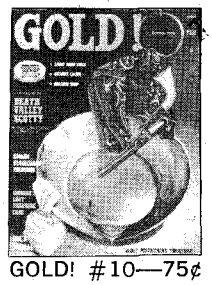
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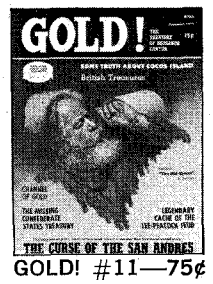

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a chance anyhow and decided I might as well take a break by pumping up a little cool water, I slid out the door quietly and walked around to the pump side. I'll never forget that scene as long as I live. One of the uncommonly rough characters of that community was Dude Watson. Nearly always there were some cutting and shooting at a party when the boys drank a little too much rotgut whisky. But Dude didn't need any of that lightning liquid to ruffle his feathers under certain circumstances. However, being crosseyed, it was difficult to detect his mood until Dude went into action.

IN THOSE days, we didn't know what the word "improvise" meant but we did it on just about everything we needed that would have cost a nickel or over. One of the really slick deals was a sort of "spitball" shooting contraption. We would cut baling wire into pieces about an inch long, take a pair of pliers and bend them in a "u" shape, like a staple. Manipulating a rubber band around two fingers and putting one of those mean little "bullets" on the "gun" made a rather potent weapon. You could send the small missile at terrific speed up to fifty yards if the rubber band was big enough and stretched to full length. Every boy with any self-respect whatsoever carried several of these bands and plenty of ammunition.

I had one that night when I went out to get a drink of water and I nearly got killed because of it. I'll admit that temptation played a strong part in the overall scheme.

Dude was sitting in that window with his backside hanging down within five feet of the ground. It was the most beautiful target a bored youngster could possibly dream up. If I'd taken time to figure the consequences I'd never have done it. Quickly I knelt down on the ground, loaded up and stretched that rubber band until it would go no farther. It was unfortunate that I turned loose of the barbed wire missile at the very moment that Brother Carr was making a strong point, had pounded the pulpit and was staring at the sinners in silence.

If you haven't been the target in a case of this sort, you'll have to take my word that one of those things could hurt worse than five yellow jackets stinging you in the same place at the same time! It was sure 'nuff painful. Therefore, I believe you can imagine the sensation old Dude must have had when the wire made contact. The big old boy was caught off-guard and completely unaware. I heard people say later that he jumped onto the floor with both arms up and yelled, "Jesus Christ!"

Now conduct such as this was extremely rare among Brother Carr's flock. They stayed quiet until called upon. You can see that it would throw quite a shock into the audience. They turned around to see Dude standing there with his arms up and a strange light in his eyes. I am told that some of them figured he finally and unexpectedly had received the Holy Ghost.

Dude wasn't afraid of anything except being in an embarrassing situation. I doubt if he could have taken a whole week of figuring and come up with a more embarrassing situation to his way of thinking than just what he was in at that particular moment. Dude didn't hesitate. He turned quickly and jumped headfirst out of the window.

It came to me in a flash that I was in a mighty dangerous situation. At least I had the presence of mind to start running immediately after the consummation of that temptation. I heard Dude grunt like a bulldogged yearling when he hit the ground. He swung into action fast. Dude must have caught a glimpse of me because I could hear the pounding of his big feet coming my way. He was getting closer in a hurry.

THEN is when I realized just how scared I really was. That extra room on the old schoolhouse made a sort of "L." I knew by the way things were shaping up that I'd never make it around that room and on back to the front entrance in time. I knew also that Dude might kill me in his present state of mind. When I heard the words he called me as I ducked in under the room, I was pretty sure of it!

As I have said, this was sandy country. The wind blowing in one direction for a day or so and then the other had built up a ridge of sand under almost the very center of that room. When I hit that ridge I knew I had to get through it fast. I started digging like a badger with a grizzly bear on his tail. In the meantime, Dude had pushed his body under the house and was coming at me with moans, grunts and cuss words I never want to hear again! He didn't know who I was and he didn't care. He said, "If I ever get my hands on you, you little *¢%$*#$—, I'll. . . ."

That might have been what I needed to break through the barrier. I actually ran on my knees to the other side of that room, scooted around the corner and headed for safety, brushing sand off my clothes all the time. I slowed down and then walked into the safety of that wonderful gathering with a heart pounding so that I could hardly see. I hadn't missed the fading string of profanity that Dude let out when he became wedged in the sand in his attempt to lay hands on me.

Evidently Brother Carr was preaching loud enough and the back room was far enough away from the main crowd so that my battle for life was not detected by a single soul that night. You can believe without a great deal of effort that I didn't mention the incident to even my closest friends. Mama and Papa talked about Dude's strange actions but they never seemed to connect me with it in any way. After all, I was a good, churchgoing boy.

It's a strange feeling to be putting this into print even now. I heard people talk about Dude saying that some blamed kid had nearly killed him and if he knew who that boy was he would see to it that the brat never pulled that stunt again. And, knowing Dude, I didn't doubt a word he said. Fact is, I never told Mama and Papa. They are gone now and so is Dude but the scare of that night is still with me as strong as when it

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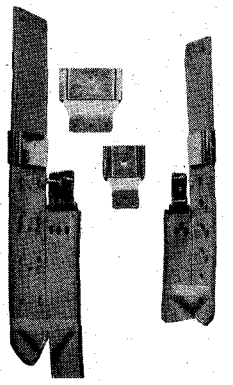

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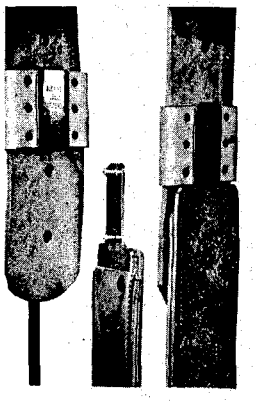

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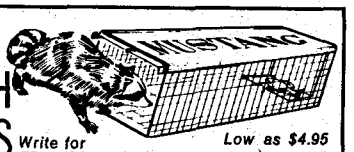

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happened. I've always wondered why a "good" boy would do such a foolish thing. . . .

As I say, I could make a book out of just about every character in that one community. A lot of good material has sure gone to waste.

If you are still a reader after wading through the above. I'll see you in the November FRONTIER TIMES. —Joe "Hosstail" Small

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 33)

with the towering bluffs above them, and their only view the far side of the canyon it began to seem like living in a hole. The decided to move out to the level ground on top.

Slowly the big house on the rim began to take shape. This wasn't a simple prairie homestead; when it was completed, it was one of the nicest homes in the area. It was built of wood frame, with large comfortable rooms, and in every direction there was a view of the country for miles and miles. Only two things dimmed the pleasure the family felt in their new home. One was the problem of water. There was none to be had by drilling on the rim, and every drop they used had to be carried or hauled up the canyon wall from the spring below. The second irritant, which they hadn't counted on, was the unceasing wind. It blew without letup, across the open rangeland, whipping and tearing at everything and everybody, day in and day out. In the house below, with the canyon walls to protect them, they weren't exposed to the wind that drives and punishes everything in its path.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS of carrying water passed; two decades of the chapping, drying, whipping wind. Six children raised with the lip of the canyon in the yard—six children with no schools. Isabell taught them all at home until they were ready for the eighth grade. But all six of them were healthy and happy, scrambling up and down the rocky walls like mountain goats.

Near the house J. W. put up a small rock building and opened a store. As a post office they selected the name of their first baby girl, Ima. (That whole section of the caprock country is known as the Ima Caprock, but the canyon where the family lived is still called Moncus Canyon.)

After all those years in the big house on the rim, they finally decided it was time for another move. This time J. W. and the boys built a halfway house. They chose for the site a narrow ledge across the canyon, about fifty feet wide, and a little more than that down from the rim. A house built on this ledge would be protected from the wind, and best of all, in the most unlikely place to find one, there was a spring on one end of the ledge that could be piped for water. There would even be an ample supply for flower beds and trees and grass, which they had never been able to have before.

This was no simple undertaking. To begin with, a road had to be cut from the rim, down along the side of the cliff to the ledge. Many wagonloads of white caliche rock were hauled in and used to shore up the roadway, to prevent its crumbling away. At the narrow end of the ledge they constructed a small barn and corral to house a cow and a saddle horse. The fence around this corral was built right along the very edge of the bluff, and any animal who was unlucky enough to get startled and hit that fence with enough force, would have ended up two hundred feet below. At a slightly higher spot on the ledge, a shop building was erected to take care of the ranch repair work.

Behind the house site, the cliff soared straight up, and there was danger of rock slides. J. W. hauled in native yellow sandstone and squared it up, and built a wall completely up the cliff. Giant, twisted, dead vines still cling to the trellis Isabell put up on this wall, nearly covering it. About midway along this wall a deep roomy cave was dug into the cliff and walled up for use as the root cellar.

The house itself was built of adobe brick, and faced toward the canyon, with the front porch right on the lip of the drop. It provided an incomparable view. To prevent an unexpected trip to the canyon floor, a board fence was put up along the open front. Concrete sidewalks with wide flowerbeds on each side were poured all around the house, and a concrete walkway went from the house to the cliff wall in the back.

Every ranch has to have a bunkhouse, and there was no room to build one. About twenty feet below the main ledge, there ran a smaller one, no more than ten feet wide. On this small shelf they built a rock foundation reaching up to the level of the main ledge, and on top of the foundation, the bunkhouse was built. The large windows on two sides have long been broken out and gone, but one big beam along the wall still bears the brand of every ranch in the country at that time.

A fence around the entire yard completed the ranch house in Moncus Canyon—halfway up, for convenience; and halfway down for protection from the elements. In winter blizzards the house was warm and cozy. Instead of the winds whipping snow off the top and covering them up, an updraft caught it and lifted it again, making it appear to snow up instead of down. The sun warmed the rock wall behind the house and reflected its heat. On summer afternoons, the entire ledge lay in deep cool shadow, and the wild winds that blew across the prairie never hit it.

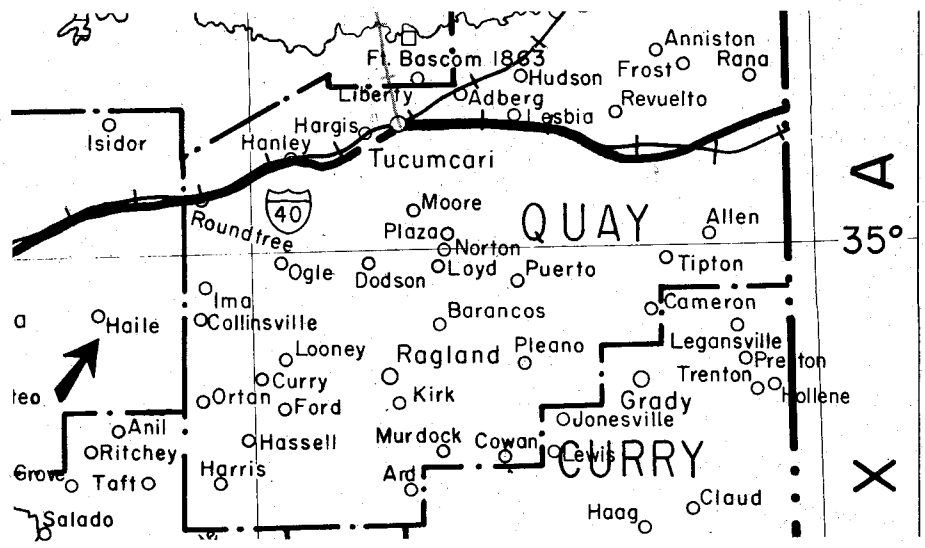
There is one more little item of interest about the place in the canyon. Claude Moncus, the son of the family who helped build the house and raised his family there also, is now a retired sheriff in Tucumcari. He invited us out to his house in town and before we left, asked if we would like to go out sometime and see the sheepherders' lights. I wasn't sure what he meant.

He said when his folks had first come to the canyon that the sheepherders carried lanterns about with them to check the sheep at night. Ever since then, on any clear night, looking east from the rim, a small flickering yellow light appears at a certain spot and slowly drifts across the flat and disappears, to reappear again at the original starting point and begin again its slow trip across. There are no roads or houses over there, and the lights have been there since before cars and electric lights. This is no authenticated phenomenon and has never been investigated by any accredited society, but the local people all know about them, and call them simply "the sheepherders' lights."

One clear night soon we'll be taking our sleeping bags and heading up to Moncus Canyon to see the sheepherders' lights. Somehow when Claude Moncus looks at you with those straight, bright blue, old plainsman's eyes, you believe him.

We'll take Highway 18 south from Tucumcari to Ragland (about twenty miles), then turn west on State Road 51. This is gravel and dirt road, runing generally southwest, and about thirty-five miles from Ragland is the old ruin of Ima and the canyon where the Moncus family lived.

Map shows the approximate location of the Moncus Canyon home.



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An Outpost of Civilization

(Continued from page 17)

were the only two windows in the state, outside the big city. The Mexicans find their enemies are prone to shoot through these apertures, and so they have accustomed themselves to do without them—which is as it should be since it removes the temptation.

One night the *patron* gave a *baile*. The *vaqueros* all came with their girls, and a string band rendered music with a very dancy swing. I sat in a corner and observed the man who wears the big hat and who throws the rawhide as he cavorted about with his girl, and the way they dug up the dust out of the dirt floor soon put me to coughing. Candles shed their soft lustre—and tallow—down the backs of our necks, and the band scraped and thrummed away in a most serious manner. One man had a harp, two had primitive fiddles, and one had a guitar. One old fiddler was the leader and as he bowed his head on his instrument I could not keep my eyes off him. He came from Sonora and was very old; he looked as though he had had his share of a very rough life; he was never handsome as a boy, I am sure, but weather and starvation and time had blown him and crumbled him into a ruin which resembled the pre-existing ape from which the races sprang. If he had never committed murder it was for lack of opportunity.

Tom Bailey came round to me, his eyes dancing and his shock of hair standing up like a Circassian beauty's, and pointing he said, "Thar's a woman who's prettier than a speckled pup; put your twine on her." Then as master of ceremonies he straightened up and sang out over the fiddles and noise, "Dance that, you fellers, or you'll get the gout."

In an adjoining room there was a very heavy jug of strong-water, and thither the men repaired to pick up, so that as the night wore on, their brains began to whirl after their legs, and they whooped at times in a way to put one's nerves on edge. The band scraped the harder and the dance waxed fast, the spurs clinked, and bang, bang, bang went the Winchester rifles in the patio, while the chorus *"Viva el Patron"* rang around the room—the Old Guard was in action.

WE SAT in our room one evening when in filed the *vaqueros* and asked to be allowed to sing for the *patron*. They sat on my bed and on the floor, while we occupied the other. They had their hats in their hands and their black dreamy eyes were diverted as though overcome by the magnificence of the apartment. They hemmed and coughed and finally the leader pulled himself together and began to sing in a high falsetto. After two or three words the rest caught on—thus, one was leading (by several words) and the others following to the end of the line. It was strange, wild music—a sort of general impression of a boys' choir with a wild discordance, each man giving up his soul as he felt moved. The refrain always ended for want of breath, in a low, expiring howl leaving the audience in suspense; but quickly they got at it again and the rise of the tenor chorus continued. The songs are largely about love and women and doves and flowers, in all of which nonsense punchers take only perfunctory interest in real life.

These are the amusements—although the puncher is always roping for practice and everything is fair game for his skill. Dogs, pigs, and men have become as expert at dodging the rope as the *vaqueros* are in throwing it. A mounted man in passing will always throw his rope at one sitting in a doorway and then try to get away before he can retaliate by jerking his own rope over his head. I have seen a man repair to the roof and watch a doorway through which he expected some comrade to pass shortly and watch for an hour to be ready to drop his noose about his shoulders.

The ranch fare is very limited, and at intervals men are sent to bring back from the waterholes a steer which is dragged to the front door and there slaughtered. A day of feasting ensues, and the doorways and gutter pipes and the corral fences are festooned with beef left to dry in the sun.

Then there is the serious side of life. The Apache is an evil which Mexicans have come to regard as they do meteoric hail, lightning, drought, and any other horror not to be averted. They quarrel between themselves over land and stock, and there are a great many men out in the mountains who are outlawed by the

The Curse of the San Andres

BY HENRY JAMES

By popular request we'll be running this long out of print, hard to find book about a treasure that has been in the headlines for the last two years. As reported in the Gallup, New Mexico *Independent*, August 8, 1974, "There's probably gold in the hills of White Sands missile range . . . Currently publicized guesses on the value of the treasure, if it exists, run as high as $225 billion. 'They've got the decimal point out of place,' says Henry James [the author]. But he did not say how many places the decimal may be off. James, a mining engineer, did a geological investigation of the Victoria Peak area in 1949 and returned in 1950. 'I went 85 feet down into the fault, as far as I could go,' he said. 'Where there's smoke, there's usually at least some heat. There's bound to be *something* there'."

✶✶✶✶

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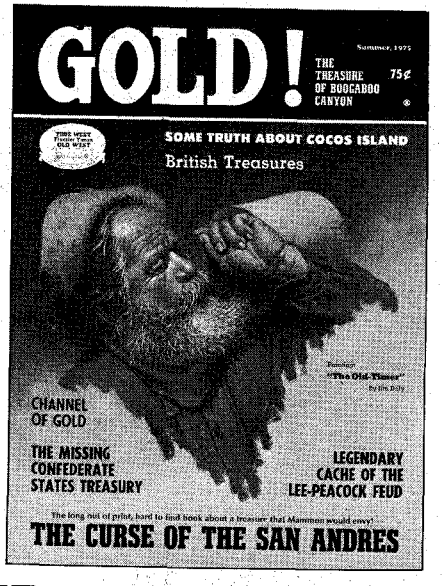
(See GOLD! back issues on page 52)



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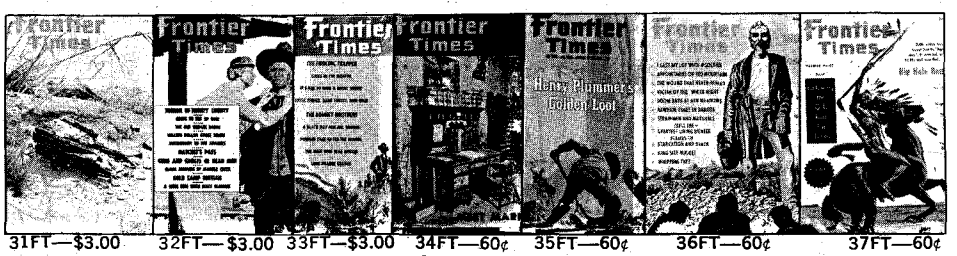
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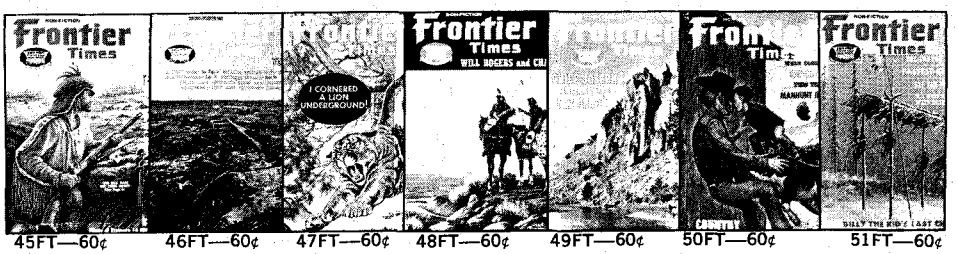
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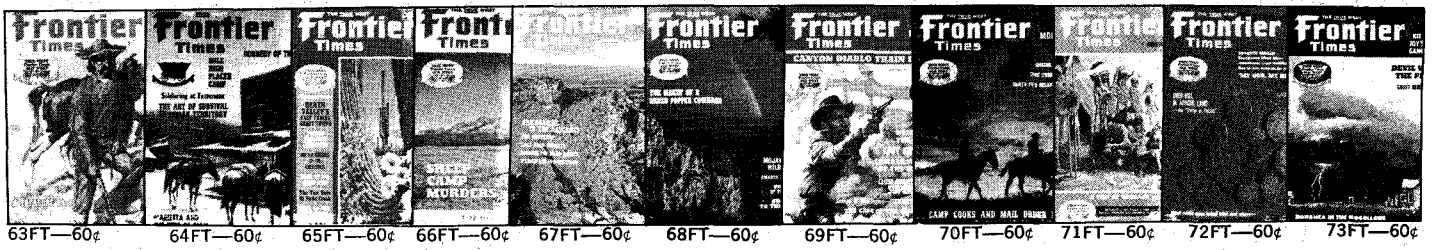
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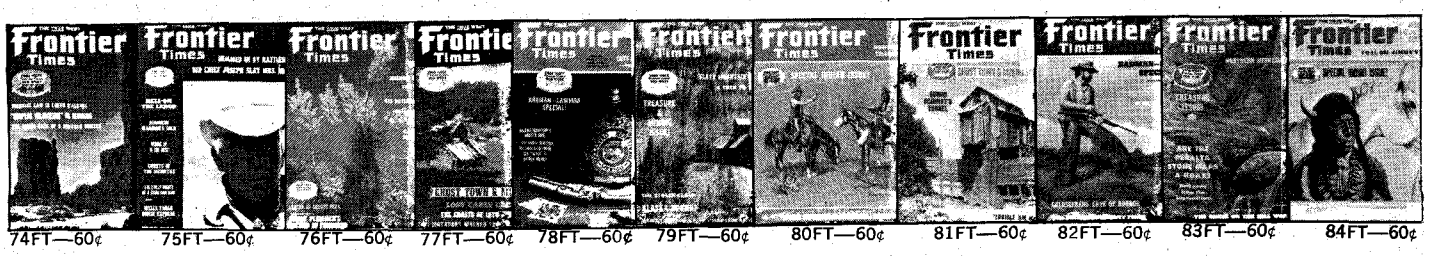
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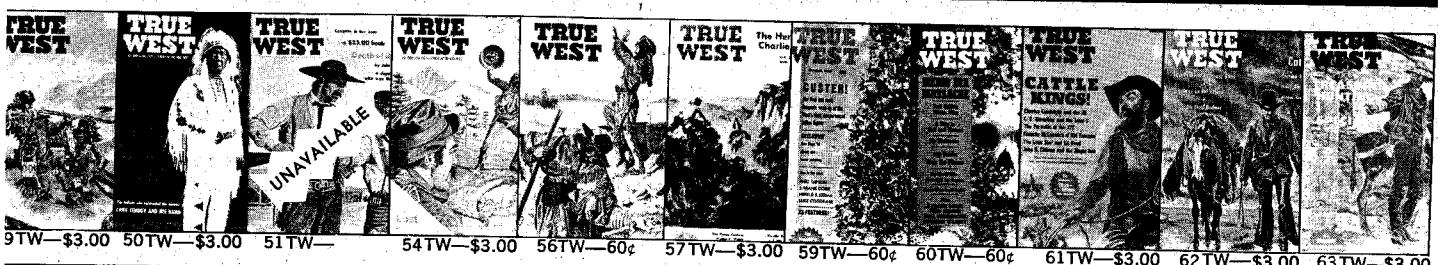

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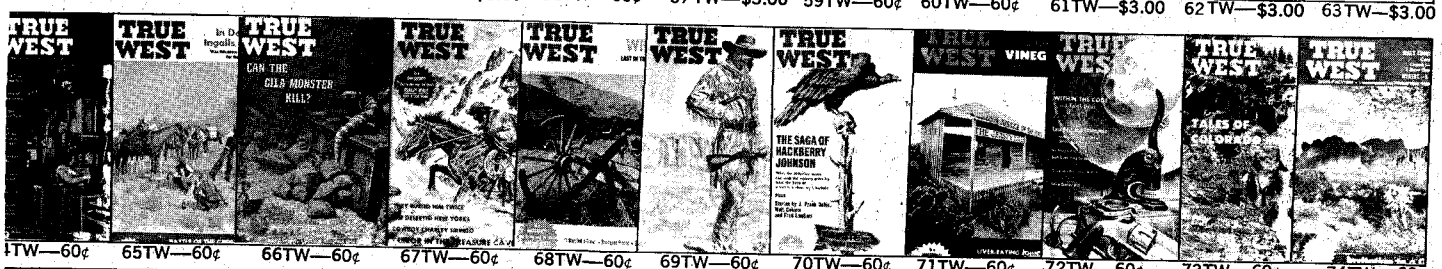

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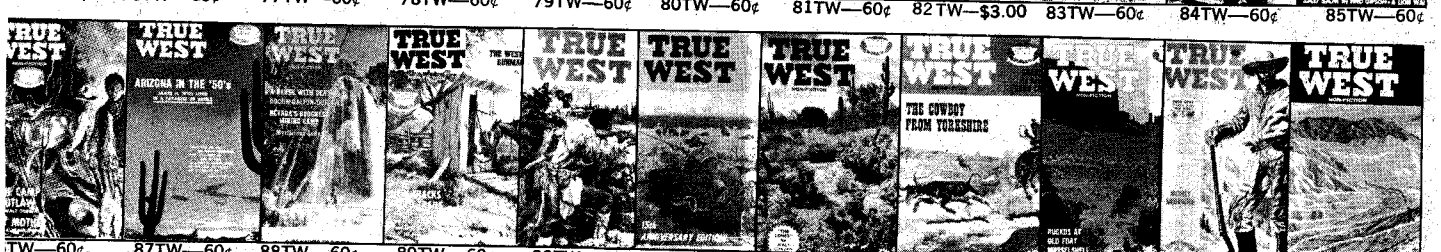

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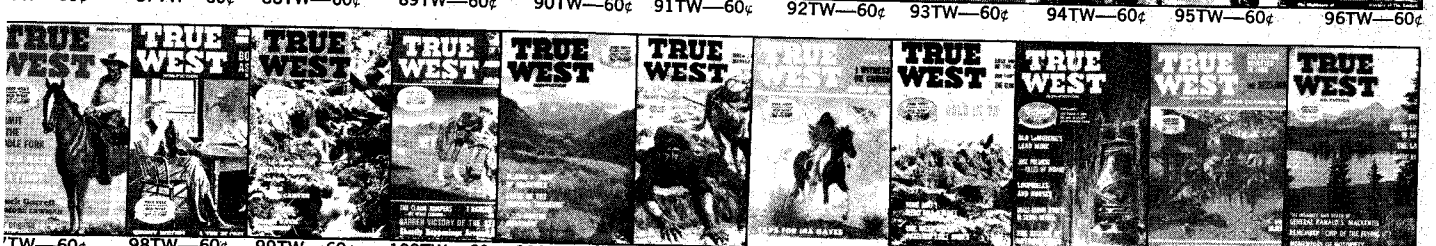

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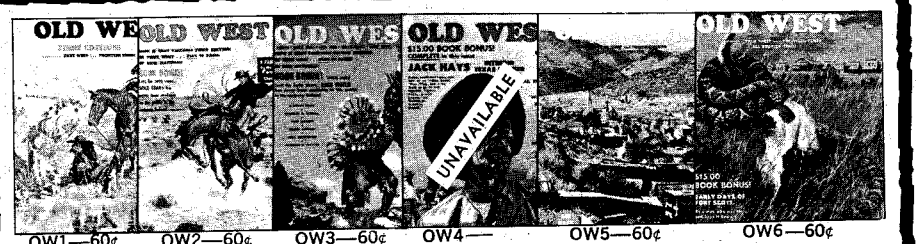

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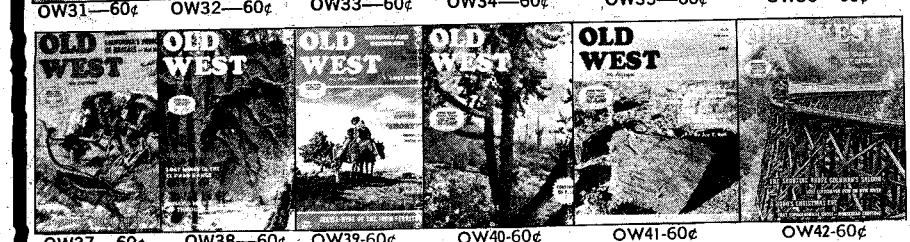

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government. Indeed, when we journeyed on the road and were stopping one night in a little mud town, we were startled by a fusillade of shots, and in the morning were informed that two men had been killed the night before and various others wounded.

At another time a Mexican with his followers invaded our apartment and expressed a disposition to kill Jack, but he found Jack was willing to play his game and gave up the enterprise.

On the ranch the men had discovered some stock which had been killed with a knife. Men were detailed to roam the country in search of fresh trails of these cattle killers. I asked the foreman what would happen in case they found a trail which could be followed and he said, "Why, we would follow it until we came up and then kill them." If a man is to hold down a big ranch in Northern Mexico he has got to be all man, because it is a man's job.

Jack himself is the motive force of the enterprise, and he disturbs the quiet of the waste of sunshine by his presence for about six months of the year. With his stout spirit, the embodiment of generations of pioneers, he faces the Apache, the marauder, the financial risks. He spurs his listless people on to the toil, he permeates every detail, he storms, and greater men than he have sworn like troopers under less provocation than he has; but he has snatched from the wolf and the Indian the fair land of Bavicora.

There stands the Hacienda San José de Bavicora, grey and silent on the great plain, with the mountain standing guard against intruders and over it the great blue dome of the sky untroubled by clouds, except little flecks of vapor which stand, lost in immensity, burning bright like opals, as though discouraged from seeking the mountains or the sea from whence they came. The marvelous color of the country beckons to the painter; its simple natural life entrances the blond barbarian with his fevered brain; and the gaudy *vaquero* and his trappings are the actors on this noble stage.

But one must be appreciative of it all, or he will find a week of rail and a week of stage and a week of horseback too far to travel to see a shadow across the moon.

The Paranoid Gunsmith

(Continued from page 38)

have given Fluhmann a sense of safety against his real or imagined foes. The entrance to the cave cannot be seen until one climbs atop the sloping ledge high above the valley floor, but the location provided the hermit with a grand view of his valley and the other high peaks in the area.

Conceivably someone could have sneaked upon him and fired down at him through the crevice opening above after possibly seeing smoke from his fire; on the other hand, Gottlieb Fluhmann, with his most valued possessions intact in his mountain retreat, simply may have died of natural causes, al alone except for his dog.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Elmer B. Gatlin and Charles "Slim" Hill

Elmer B. Gatlin and Charles "Slim" Hill were two hands I really liked, and I'd love to hear from either of them or someone who knows where they are. I worked with them in the spring of 1937 at the Chiricahua Cattle Company on the Old Vail Empire Ranch near Sonoita, Arizona.

I knew quite a few cattlemen and punchers in southwest New Mexico and southeast Arizona. There were Frank S. and Henry G. Breice of the Chiricahuas, Frank's wife Mary and sons; Joe Cline of the Boquillas; Leo McKinney of the Hachita; George and Hugh Shuemake; J. L. White; Doug Gunter; Red Sanders; Walter Windsor; Hubb Ellis and son, Irvin; Charles Wofford; Bud Johnson; Dick Jiminez; Ignacio Garcia; Calatano or Cajetano Esperanza; Charles Grantham, Mrs. Frank Breice's brother; and James Pree.

Charles "Slim" Hill gave me the pen name of "Hard Times." I also recall a girl, Gladys Schmidt, who, with her mother, had a small store and filling station and sold beer near the Pantaño Station.—Ben R. "Hard Times" Burnham, Route 2, Alamosa, Colorado 81101

Whiteside-Stockton-Bohannon

I would be very happy to hear from anyone who might have information on William Whiteside. He was born in Ireland in 1710. He married Elizabeth Stockton. I am also interested in Isaiah Bohannon, born in Tennessee or Georgia.—Joyce Smith, Box 165, Salmon, Idaho 83467

Sarah Alverson

Sarah Alverson was born in Quincy, Illinois December 5, 1837. She married my great-grandfather, Joseph Francis Ayers May 20, 1856. They came to Star, Idaho and had six children. Sarah died here November 1, 1894. My father, Charles Ayres, was her grandson.

We will be more than happy to write to any of the Alversons from Illinois, or anyone who knew them. We'd like to know Sarah's parents' names.—Mrs. Esmerelda Porter, P. O. Box 224, Star, Idaho 83669

Usher

Dyer Usher, born 1814 in New York and Rosanno Harris, his wife, were my father's great-grandparents. Dyer's parents were Aron Usher, born about 1776, and Sarah Nichols. From 1840 on they lived among the Winnebago Indians in Linn County, Iowa where Dyer was one of the first settlers. He ferried people across the Mississippi River.

I am interested in any information, but especially their birthplaces and their travels before settling in Iowa.—Mrs. Elsie U. Beckstead, 1209 W. 10600 S., Riverton, Utah 84065

Johnson-Smith

My great-great-great-grandfather, Randall Ezra Johnson, born about 1822 in Vermont, as a young man moved to Michigan and married Phoebe A., born about 1836. I am unable to find any records of his parents who were also born in Vermont. They were English.

Another great-great-great-grandfather was Darius Sylvester, born August 26, 1825 in Canada. He married Sarah J. Helmick, born March 18, 1832, in Warren County, Ohio. They married October 23, 1849 in Buchanan, Berrien County, Michigan.

I would also like information on Keren H. Manner, born 1825, Kentucky; William L. Johnson, 1836, Virginia; Thomas Bentley, 1809, Kentucky; Ann Hall, 1809, Kentucky; Elijah Platts Warner, 1817, Connecticut; Mary Bogart, 1820, Pennsylvania; Daniel Reynolds, 1836, Massachusetts; Phydealia Penney, 1837, New York; Jacob Helmick, 1773, West Virginia; Senator Theophilus Simonton, 1769; his wife, Mary Sailes, 1776; Darius Ammons, early 1800s, Tennessee; Sarah F. Gardner, 1852, Macon, Georgia; James M. Willoughby, 1847, Alabama; Mary E. Brothers, 1852, Tennessee; Elihue Garrett, 1851, South Carolina; his wife, Nancy (Nannie), 1851, Mississippi.

Thomas Smith, Sr. came from England. His son, Thomas, Jr., married a Miss Davis. Their son John's first wife was Rebecca Jeffers. By his second wife, Sarah Mosely, a son Nimrod was born about 1802 in South Carolina. Nimrod married Celia Gunn born about 1806 in Kentucky. Nimrod was my great-great-great-grandfather. He moved to Calloway County, Missouri in 1837.—Twila Smith, 4224 N. W. 21, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73107

Lewellen-Woods

I will answer all letters concerning the Lewellen family. Two brothers, William, 1803-1856, and Isaac 1795-1855, migrated from Tennessee to northeast Mississippi in 1838. William C. Lewellen had sons named Francis Green, 1829-1907; John D., 1831-1888; George W., born 1834; Jesse H., 1835-1902; William S., 1845-1907; Fountain E., 1847-1903; and Samuel Asberry, 1850-1932. Most of the sons died in Tippah County, Mississippi, but Samuel died at Houston, Texas. George W. was last mentioned in Tippah County in 1874, but was not there in 1880. Where did he go? His children were Olly, born 1856; Lonzo, born 1859; William, born 1861; Samuel, born 1863 and Mary, born 1866.

Granville A. Woods, born in Alabama in 1826 and his wife, Eugenia Lewellen, were living in Hattiesburg, Mississippi in 1903.

Green Lewellen's sons were John, 1854; Francis, 1860; Oscar 1862; Edward, 1870; and Dan, 1876. Jesse "Tobe" Lewellen's sons were Milton, 1867; Arman, 1869; Robert, 1873; and Holbert, 1878. Samuel Lewellen's sons were Joseph, 1876; and John.— Don Martini, P. O. Box 4, Walnut, Mississippi 38683

Barnett-Stripling-Bishop-Lowrey

Lee Barnett died April 14, 1944 and was buried in the old Lockett Cemetery in Arkansas. His wife, Lena Stripling, was born May 3, 1881 and died April 3, 1955. I need to know their parents' names and also those of Sidney Albert Bishop, his brother Walter and sister Mary Jane Bishop Lowrey. Bishop lived and was buried in Waldron, Arkansas. The brother was a pastor. I also need the death records of Bertha Lavanna Barnett Bishop and Imogene Bishop, buried at Shilo, Arkansas and information on the parents and the children of William Lawrey (Lowrey).— Mrs. Tessie M. Breshears, 1918 E. Hadley Street, Phoenix Arizona 85034

Couey-Cooey-Cowey-Cowie-Cooah

My great-grandparents, David W. Couey and Mary Ann "Polly" Green, were married in Floyd County, Georgia in 1847. She was supposed to be part Cherokee Indian. Two sons, on the record in 1850, were gone in 1860. L. V. "Doc," Mary Jane, and Frank were all born in Texas; Cynthia's birthplace, possibly Texas, in 1852; and Georgia Ann in 1869, Arkansas.

The old Pickens County, Oklahoma Chickasaw Nation 1890 census shows L. V. and his family, as well as Mary Jane and her husband, E. K. Hart, there, but none of the others. In 1880 L. V. married Mary Hines in Jack County, Texas. Old Pickens County was made up of part of Stephens and other counties in 1890 Oklahoma Indian Territory, Velma was the post office. A few years back the old census records were in the Indian Archives, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Most of these people were in Texas before going into Indian Territory.

In 1880 David W. had two sisters living in Red River County, Texas. There were Mary Ann Woods, widow of Harvey Woods, and Lidia Couey Terry and her husband William A. Terry. Both families show children born in Texas, but I don't know where.

John W. Couey was born in Georgia in 1848 and James S. in 1850. There may have been others, and I would very much like to hear from anyone who knows where some of them were for forty years. —Mrs. John W. Davis, 1550 North Terrace Drive, Wichita, Kansas 67208

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Frederic Remington

(Continued from page 13)

have an extra-stout horse under him. A few years later I came to know Montague Stevens, of New Mexico, with whom Remington went on a grizzly hunt that he put into *Harper's Monthly* and later into *Pony Tracks*. General Nelson Miles was on that hunt also, and in his book *Meet Mr. Grizzly*—excellent on hounds, on sense of smell, and on the Trinity College, Cambridge—author Montague Stevens pays a lot more attention to the general than to the artist. The artist in his account pays lively attention to the bear, to hounds and cow horses, and to "a big Texan" who'd been shot by a forty-five, who cooked for the camp and could read sign.

About 1892, Remington bought a house in New Rochelle, not far out of New York City, and established a studio there. In that year, also, he illustrated Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*—one of his outstanding achievements. In 1898 he bought Ingleneuk, a five-acre island in the St. Lawrence River, enlarged the house on it, and built a studio. For another decade, however, New Rochelle was to remain home for the Remingtons.

He could toil terribly, habitually rising at six, breakfasting at seven (half a dozen chops "and other knick knacks" as Mr. Pickwick would say), then working in the studio until midafternoon, often returning in the evening. For a long time he struggled to keep his weight down. At sixteen he described himself as 5 feet 8 inches high, weighing 180 pounds. He was mighty proud of the way he rode up with General Nelson Miles and other seasoned soldiers during their chase around after Sioux in the year 1890. At that time Remington weighed 215 pounds. In 1894, age thirty-three, he recorded: "Without a drink in three weeks. Did 15 miles a day on foot and am down to 210 pounds." In 1897, age thirty-six, he wrote a friend: "Have been catching trout, killing deer—feel bully—absolutely on the water wagon, but it don't agree with me. I am at 240 pounds and nothing can stop me but an incurable disease." He had only 11 years left before the incurable disease would strike him down. Long before the end he had grown too fleshy to mount a horse or do much walking, but not to keep on drawing and painting and writing.

IN 1894 the sculptor Ruckstull set up a tent on a vacant lot in New Rochelle, and there other art people of the community watched him model an equestrian statue for some military hero, whose name is unimportant, to be erected in front of the state capitol of Pennsylvania. Remington was eager to learn the sculptor's technique, and Ruckstull seems to have been just as eager to teach him. Augustus Thomas, the playwright whose *Arizona* had been proposed by Remington, noticed that Remington had "the sculptor's angle of vision" and encouraged him to strike out in that field. Here I'm following Helen Card. In 1895, Remington achieved his first and perhaps his best statue, "The Bronco Buster," which is only two feet high.

In the years that followed he achieved twenty-three other bronzes. Numerous sculptors have made numerous cowboys and range horses but "The Bronco Buster" was the first in the field. To quote Helen Card again, "Subject was everything to Remington, and with him techniques and theories were properly only means to help him tell his story. . . . Rodin's remark was that if you are unconscious of the technique, but are moved to the soul [by the result] then you may be quite certain that the technique is all there."

In May 1909 the Remingtons moved to an expensive house and studio on a plot of ground they had bought near Ridgefield, Connecticut. Remington had burned many pictures with which he was dissatisfied. Although he could not ride horseback in the West anymore, he was settling down to put on canvas things that wanted to come out of himself. He had said more than once that he wanted his epitaph to be: HE KNEW THE HORSE. On Christmas Day of that year (1909) he was very ill. The next day he died, forty-eight years, two months, and twenty-six days old.

ONE cannot be absolute on the numbers, but according to one statement,

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Remington had completed more than 2,700 painting and drawings, had illustrated 142 books, and had furnished illustrations for 41 different magazines. He is not being judged now by quantity and will not be judged by quantity. He knew the horse, all right, and he knew the West—but more as a reporter than as a part of it. At times he was a superb reporter. I would say that in "The Sioux Outbreak in South Dakota," a chapter in *Pony Tracks,* he is a better reporter on cavalrymen than sentimental and loved Ernie Pyle was on American soldiers in World War II.

He knew cavalry horses and cavalrymen better than he knew cows, cow horses, and cowboys. On board a battleship off the Cuban coast during the Spanish-American War, he wrote in an article for *Harper's Weekly:* "I want to hear a shave-tail bawl; I want to get some dust in my throat, kick dewy grass, see a sentry in the moonlight, and talk the language of my tribe."

As well as he pictured and wrote about "my tribe," if what he said in combined mediums be compared with Captain John G. Bourke's *On the Border with Crook,* Remington diminishes in amplitude, in richness of knowledge, in ease and familiarity with land, frontiersmen, soldiers, Indians, and in nobility of outlook.

In the fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* Rembrandt has six pages and Remington has one-sixth of a page. I guess the proportions are about right. Evaluations of Remington will not be right unless the evaluers keep perspective and proportion. Now and then a writer's best, an artist's best—for some imaginers at least—is something untypical though not unrepresentative—something that has smouldered long in him and is near to him but would hardly be wanted by his rut-following editors, publishers, and public. "The Fight for the Waterhole" is near the climax of Remington's paintings of violence. Placed next to it in a little-known album of reproductions is a picture entitled "A Prayer to the Gray Wolf." It shows an Indian standing with one foot on the head of a dead buffalo partly consumed by wolves while a second Indian stands out on the bleak prairie, maybe ten steps away, his shortened shadow on the ground, arm and hands spread downward, his whole body in an attitude of supplication. He is brother to a wolf trotting around rather near while two of his mates stand away out yonder beyond rifle range. The quietness of everything, the at-oneness between man and beasts (both the quick and the dead) and the earth (including sparse clumps of grass)—this is not the Remington many times iterating "man-just-shot down-the-street."

It is not necessary to run down good Bourbon in order to enjoy good Scotch, and I trust I am not doing that when I say that Remington toiled too furiously trying to satisfy the demand for naked action to linger and let things soak into him. He knew more than he understood. In this respect he is not the equal of Charles M. Russell, although he may have had some advantage in craftsmanship. I cannot say. As a reporter through eye and ear, through drawing, painting, and writing, Remington habitually got and gave the right words, but less frequently the right tune. Sometimes even his soldiers seem to me clever imitations of Kipling's.

In ripeness, the right tempo is always present. I think of two drawings by Charlie Russell. One of them is "The Trail Boss." He is sidling over in the saddle, resting his knees, while his horse rests on three feet. The two repose on a slight elevation of ground, the herd moseying by, and you may be sure the boss is not looking at the steers in general but in particular. He knows every one in that long, strung-out herd, the drag so far behind that only the dust it raises can be seen. No honest trail boss ever wanted any stampede; but if one should occur in the middle of the night, this boss and the bony cow horse would leap into action—in order to restore quiet.

In my mind's eye I often recall a black-and-white vignette of Russell's, one among forty illustrations he did for *The Virginian.* A cowboy on herd, the fat steers lazily grazing, is prone, asleep, his head in the shade of his horse, the only shade there is. The horse is not used to a man stretched out on the ground under him and is not contented. Russell made "dead man's prices" painting action for calendars and for rich purchasers of western culture. He also was a sculptor. No bronze he made is more permeated with the beautiful, the spiritual, and with understanding of Indian nature than one called "Secrets of the Night." It is of a medicine man, cunning and mysterious, with an owl, wings spread, beak at the listener's ear.

Well, Frederic Remington reported aright much that nobody can ever again see or hear. If his illustrations for Longfellow's *Hiawatha* are made on somewhat the same principle that an interior decorator chooses pictures, it is to be remembered that he understood the crouch of a panther, the howl of the coyote, and the gesture of the medicine man. If few secrets of the invisible passed into him, he translated the drama of the visible into an astounding variety of pictures that do not fade in interest or power.

When They Robbed Wells Fargo

(Continued from page 31)

August 29, 1882—Florence to Globe, Arizona.

Passengers wounded: A. Kaufman, February 17, 1881—Petaluma to Cloverdale, California; Henry Scammon, November 13, 1876—Downieville to Marysville, California.

Some of the robbers who went down for keeps were: H. S. Hunt, by Guard McNamara, October 24, 1876—Weaver to Shasta, California; John Carlo by Guard Eugene Blair, February 27, 1877—Eureka to Ward, Nevada; Jack Davis, by Guards Jimmy Brown and Eugene Blair, September 3, 1877—Eureka to Tybo, Nevada; Andy Marsh, by Guard J. E. Reynolds, September 7, 1878—Yreka to Red-

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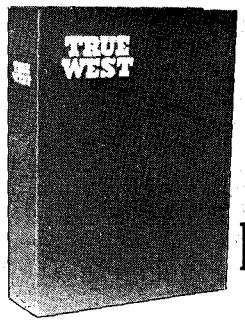

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ding, California; W. C. Jones (alias Frank Dow) by Guard Mike Tovey, September 5, 1880—Bodie to Carson City, Nevada.

Killed while resisting arrest were: Joe Brown (alias Foster), November 18, 1876; Joe Blanchard, July 18, 1877; John Brazelton, August 19, 1878; Thomas Francis, November 19, 1879; Jack Brown (alias O'Neil), April 26, 1881; Bill Leonard, June 1, 1881; Harry Head, June 1, 1881; Jim Crane, June 13, 1882; Jack Almer, October 3, 1883; George W. Cleveland, March 10, 1884.

Then there were those unfortunate enough to be overtaken by posses of citizens. These probably were not hanged on a gallows, but on a convenient tree: Leander Morton, near Aurora, Nevada, September 27, 1871; Lafayette Grimes, Globe, Arizona, August 25, 1882; C. B. Hawley, Globe, Arizona, August 25, 1882; Len Redfield, Florence, Arizona, September 3, 1883; Joe Tuttle, Florence, Arizona, Sept. 3, 1883; Mitch Lee, Silver City, New Mexico, March 10, 1884; Frank Taggart, Silver City, New Mexico, March 10, 1884.

A not inconsiderable further loss is interesting to compare in view of all the teams that fiction writers have the bandits steal so that the stage cannot make it to official help. In all the actual shootouts we find only seven horses killed and thirteen head stolen. That was mighty little for 378 robberies and attempts at robbery.

The History Room of the Wells Fargo Bank in San Francisco is a marvelous institution. Since 1906 an unbelievable number of records have been replaced. Only the best librarians are on the staff. Irene Neasham, who recently retired, and Merrilee Dowty epitomize the efficiency and graciousness of the museum library. Truly this place *is* the History of the West.

Early Days on the Wichita

(Continued from page 36)

rank outlaws, wild as antelopes, but every once in a while someone would catch one of them. I guess Henry Robinson and John Propps caught the last one that I ever knew of in the brakes. It was northwest of Vera, Texas along in the 1890s. The old steer was fat and they butchered him and distributed the beef among the neighbors, as was the custom back then, and they all said it was the finest beef they ever ate.

One old brindle steer that ranged up the river in what was called Rustler's Bend would come down among our range cattle sometimes, and a few of them would take up with him and that would cause us trouble. We tried several times to catch that old steer, but he could run so fast he would always get away. Some of the boys tried to hunt him down and shoot him but could never get a shot at him. He had a wide horn spread and the right horn was twisted.

Bill Bedford was one of the best ropers and all-around cowboys in the brakes back then and Bill had a pet horse he called Brownie that he set great store by. Bill said if he could ever run onto that steer when he was riding old Brownie he would catch him. We would tell him that old Brownie couldn't catch that steer and that would make Bill mad. One morning along in the late fall we jumped that steer with some of our cattle, and Bill was riding old Brownie. We got around our cattle and got them headed back down the river, but Bill stayed after the steer, heading up the river to Rustler's Bend.

When night came and we were back in camp Bill had not come in and we were getting concerned about him, but away long after dark Bill came dragging in. He had trailed and run that old steer about all day and finally roped him away up on the other side of Rustler's Bend in what we called the Bull Turner pasture and killed him and knocked his twisted horn off with rocks and brought it in as proof he had caught him. From where we jumped the steer to where Bill said he caught him was about fifteen miles air line, and I guess he really caught him because we never saw anything of that steer anymore.

ONE MORNING Jim Montague, who had settled over on Beaver Creek, rode up to my place leading an iron-gray horse. It was a fine-looking animal, six years old, and weighed about 1,100 pounds. Jim said he had a horse there that he couldn't handle. The horse had been brought to Texas from Tennessee about two years before and was good-blooded and gentle to ride, but for some reason he had got to where he would pitch everytime anyone got on him. The horse had hurt a couple of neighbor boys who had tried to ride him, so Jim had decided to trade him off and get him out of the community. (I found out later that those boys had got to pranking with that horse and spoiled him.)

Jim said he knew our horses had a reputation, and figured one more wouldn't make us any difference. My daddy had got a start of horses back in Cooke County that were good all-around horses but were mean to pitch; so I grew up riding that kind of horse. Jim said if I had an animal that would work to a wagon, that was what he would like to have; well, I happened to have some extra work horses, and we traded.

I watered that horse good and staked him on good grass, and the next morning I decided to ride him. He was gentle to handle and never gave me any trouble when I saddled him and got on him. He moved about twenty steps and broke in two, and I realized right quick that he was the hardest pitching horse I ever was on. He was stout.

I had a good heavy Mexican quirt and I managed to stay on him. Every jump he made, I cut him under the belly with that quirt. About 150 yards from where he started pitching, there was a good-sized cedar tree. That horse pitched straight to it and there he just stopped and stuck his head up in that tree. We were both out of breath and my first thought was to get off, but I knew if I did I would never get back on him again. So after a bit I pulled him around and kicked him and that horse struck a single-foot straight for my dug-out and he never pitched another time with me.

He was the best all-around horse I ever owned and could really cover the ground with that single-foot gait. He was easy riding. After the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad built out as far as Harrold, Texas between Vernon and Wichita Falls, we used it as a shipping point. While we were at Harrold one fall, shipping cattle, that horse got on the railroad tracks one night and a switch engine hit him and killed him. I never was able to find another horse that could take his place.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 44)

written after 1903 about arid California south of Yosemite to the Mojave Desert and Death Valley. The book is notable for her introspective instincts of arid land ecology in a period when such terms were unknown. A sample of her intuition in this department comes from *The Land of Little Rain* as follows: "There is an economy of nature, but with it all there is not sufficient account taken of the works of man. There is no scavanger that eats tin cans, and no wild thing that leaves a like disfigurement on the forest floor." Born in Carlin, Illinois, in a bookish atmosphere, Mary yearned to become a writer. Tempted by homesteading opportunities in southern California, she, her brother and mother settled on arid land and eventually became taxpayers. Teaching school to survive, she married and furthered her writing career. Her stories of drought, Indians, wild animals, neighbors, and natural vegetation became the chapters in *The Land of Little Rain* after they had been published in the *Overland Monthly*. Finally the family built a home in Carmel where Mary became a founder and central figure in a literary colony that included Jack London, James Hopper, Harry Leon Wilson, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Lincoln Steffens and others. Recommended.

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Polk's obsession with Manifest Destiny. Anglo border citizens from Los Angeles to the Alamo and Goliad strongly favored the war to stop constant and merciless Mexican persecutions. The book is long on credits for scholarship and includes 40 photographs of politicians and military figures associated with the Mexican War, as well as several battle scenes. In addition are fifteen good maps, copious notes at the end of each chapter plus an enormous bibliography and an index. We noted with interest that out of nearly 35,000 U. S. troops, over 9,000 deserted.

INDIAN PROBLEMS

Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem (University of Nebraska Press, $4.50) by James C. Olson is a reprint of the 1965 first edition which deals with the life and times of the last of the great Indian warriors. Facts about Red Cloud's early life are sketchy, but authorities believe he was born near Platte River in Nebraska in about 1822. He died at the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in 1909. In the late 1930s we saw his classic picture hanging in the superintendent's headquarters at the Pine Ridge Agency. Red Cloud, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse and Crazy Horse assumed leadership of the remaining Sioux tribes after the Custer battle. These warriors tried to hold the U. S. Government to their various treaties which would have reserved for the Sioux the wild game lands from the Missouri River to the Powder River and Bighorn Mountains. Aggressive whites wanted free travel routes to the West up the Platte River and northwest over the Bozeman Trail and access to the goldfields of the Black Hills which the Sioux claimed as theirs by treaty. Red Cloud and tribesmen bedeviled travelers along the Platte and finally routed Col. Henry B. Carrington and command from three forts guarding the Bozeman trail. From this experience came three classic military events which included the ambush and total massacre of the Fetterman party's eighty troops, the Wagon Box Fight which the white men won against a vastly greater number of Sioux, and the famous horseback ride by Portugee Phillips which alerted the garrison at Fort Laramie and saved Carrington's command at Fort Phil Kearny. When U. S. Army strength became too great for the Sioux, the Indians settled on several large reservations in the Missouri Basin. An Oglala Sioux, Red Cloud resided on tribal lands on White Clay Creek, a branch of the White River. The product of a traditional hunting culture, the restless Sioux found it difficult to accept their Indian agent's ideas of adopting white man's sedentary farming life, school, and religious systems. Red Cloud wrangled relentlessly with agents whom he considered inferior to him. His persistent fight with Indian Agent V. T. McGillycuddy continued for several years until his supporters helped oust the hard-nosed agent. The spunky old chief remained independent until he died on an army cot in his four-room frame house built by the U. S. Government near the agency headquarters. Late in life the younger tribesmen no longer followed the old ways, and Red Cloud went over the Great Divide without the prestige accorded him in his warrior years. Very good for those interested in Indian life.

Indians and Bureaucrats, Administering the Reservation Policy during the Civil War (University of Illinois Press, $8.95) was written by Edmund Jefferson Danziger, Jr. who combines facts about tricky administration with brilliant satire. The Government's good but misguided intentions backfired when it tried to place all Indian tribes on reservations and teach them to farm and live as white men. Both Washington and field administrators failed to understand the complexity of the Indian problem and the inherent greed of white settlers who encroached on reservations at a time when the Military Department was preoccupied with the Civil War. Compounding the issue was a rash of other problems such as a working staff that included many incompetent and greedy political appointees, whiskey runners, disdain of Indian culture and the powerful influence of potential voters who wanted to homestead Indian land. The author concentrates on the Indian Bureau's administration of the Cheyenne and Santee Sioux. He has included the stories of atrocities of Apache and Navajo enslavement at Bosque Redondo, the Crow Creek disaster, the Sand Creek Massacre, and the decimation of Big Foot's band of Sioux at Wounded Knee. Danziger has produced a book of readable prose which is frank, fair and extremely interesting. Recommended.

YUKON GOLD

The gold rush of the 1890s was over from Chilkoot Pass to Dawson, the Yukon and Tanana River and on to Nome and Seward Peninsula, but memories of the time have been combined in a fabulous book *North of 53, the Wild Days of the Alaska-Yukon Mining Frontier 1870-1914* (Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., $12.95) by William R. Hunt. Well researched, *North of 53* is highly entertaining. The journeys over long treacherous trails and icy rivers which were so full of drudgery and risk, would have stalled even the most daring fortune hunter had it not been for the overpowering drive of gold fever. Placer mining was the main method of separating flour gold and nuggets from mother earth, and miners invented various intriguing recovery methods for getting the precious metal. The author gives the reader a vicarious trip with these miners of 75 to 100 years ago. The country is described and the narrative is rich in anecdotes about the miners, artful swindles and the floosies who followed the gold seekers to towns and remote interior camps—Soapy Smith of Skagway and E. T. Barnette, the founder of Fairbanks on the Tanana River; Tex Rickard and Doc Kearns, Nome gamblers and saloon keepers who later became fight promoters and managers in the Jack Dempsey era; Wyatt Earp of Dodge City and Tombstone fame who ran a saloon and gambling place on the gold-filled sands of Nome beaches; Jack London, Rex Beach and Robert W. Service who had a whack at treasure hunting and gathered background material for their books about the Northland that added to their fame. Recommended.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 23)

sweat-stained bucking horse, and the excitement that went with the old-time Bronc Show.—Frank V. Hash, Box 136 Rogers, Texas

Onion Creek Flood

E. C. Taylor of Austin, Texas, a cousin sent me your April 1974 issue of TRUE WEST because of the account of the Onion Creek flood in which our grandparent, Ben Taylor, and his family were drowned. I wrote a detailed account of this in 1950, and it appears on page 21 of Vol. II, "All Around the Canyon" put out by Annalee Wentworth Burns, a niece-in-law.

Mrs. Burns regularly writes for our *Leader News* under the same title as her books, and her column has the reputation of being the most widely read part of the paper.

My father, H. L. Burns, and my mother lived at the time about five to ten miles south of Dripping Springs in a log cabin just to the west of the road. They had moved there after their home and all contents had burned some two to three hundred yards farther south. My older brother, Ben Taylor Burns, was ten days old at the time, and mothers were not supposed to get up until two weeks after a birth, so Mother could not attend the funeral. At this home, where they were then living, their first two children were buried, and Father had built a rock pen around their graves. I have been to the spot where the house washed away, and also to the two homesites just mentioned. I rebuilt the stone fence and placed a marker for the family about 1960.

My father moved to Frio Canyon in 1889 and settled at Rio Frio where I was born July 29, 1892. I like your magazine.—John H. Burns, 317 N. Park Uvalde, Texas 78801

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